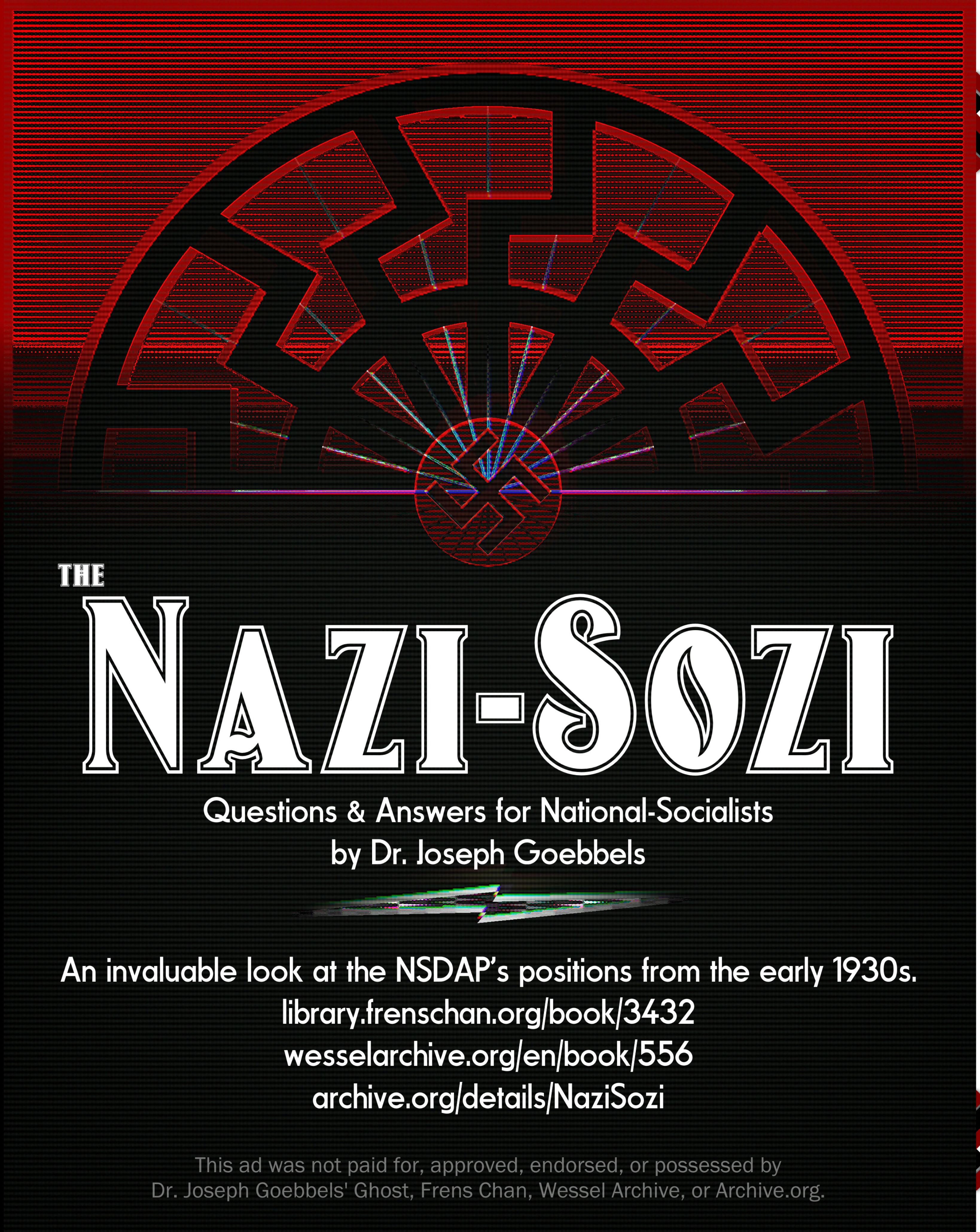
THE HALLOWEEN SPECIAL II
OCTOBER 2025 AD | OCTOBER 136 AH | ISSUE #8

FREN-Z

THE FREN MAGAZINE
PRONOUNCED "FRENZY"



THE
NAZI-SOZI
Questions & Answers for National-Socialists
by Dr. Joseph Goebbels

An invaluable look at the NSDAP's positions from the early 1930s.
library.frenschan.org/book/3432
wesselarchive.org/en/book/556
archive.org/details/NaziSozi

This ad was not paid for, approved, endorsed, or possessed by
Dr. Joseph Goebbels' Ghost, Frens Chan, Wessel Archive, or Archive.org.

DISCLAIMERS

Content Disclaimer:

Some of the materials featured in *FREN-Z* are of a nature that some readers might find offensive. *FREN-Z* is not intended for children, or for audiences under the age of 18 years. We cultivate our content from a variety of contributors, some of whom use controversial language.
The inclusion of material in *FREN-Z* does not constitute our endorsement of, or agreement with, said material. The publication of a contributor's work does not constitute an endorsement of that contributor or of their actions.

FREN-Z does not advocate for violence or any other illegal activities.

FREN-Z urges our readers to abide their local laws.

Always remember: you're of little use to your frens in a prison cell!

Copyright Disclaimer:

Under Section 107 of the Copyright Act of 1976, allowance is made for "fair use" of materials if for purposes such as criticism, commentary, news reporting, teaching, scholarship, education, and research.

Fair Use is a use, permitted by copyright statute, that might otherwise be infringing.

Non-profit, educational, or personal use tips the balance in favor of Fair Use.

FREN-Z's use of any third-party copyrighted materials is covered under Fair Use.
Excerpts are purposefully kept as short as possible and their use goes beyond mere entertainment.
Some of the content featured herein was originally posted anonymously, to public forums.
We defend these inclusions and all others as educational, even if they may have a secondary effect of entertaining our readers. Furthermore, our usage of these materials is often highly transformative, providing further basis for the legality of this material usage under the precedent of *Campbell v. Acuff-Rose Music, Inc.*, 510 U.S. 569 (1994).

Original content produced by the *FREN-Z* staff is the property of *FREN-Z*.
Copyright ©2025 by FREN-Z Magazine.
Cover Design by *FREN-Z* Editor-in-Chief, Bax Atos Xore.
All rights reserved.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

02 – Nazi-Sozi Ad
Light reading for fall evenings.

03 – Disclaimers
So many big words that it's scary.

04 – Table of Contents
The contents of the DAMNED!

06 – Editorial: Horror, Tragedy, and Scary Movies by Bax
Who doesn't love a good scary movie?

08 – Single Sentence Horror Stories by Choccy Milk Enjoyer
Frights served up in tiny bites.

10 – A Kantian Horror Story by Anon
What's scarier than being a flesh automaton powered by neurotransmitters?

12 – The Nigger by Anon
A parody of Edgar Allan Poe's “The Raven.”

14 – Letters from Lovecraft by H.P. Lovecraft
Excerpts from personal letters.

18 – The Legend of Free Robert by Anon
We still whisper this tale on Halloween night.

20 – Polite Racism by Anon
Introducing the MUTTMAKR6M!

21 – Freemasonry Revealed by Hans Tancred & *Der Aufbau*'s Staff
The NSDAP's macabre investigation into Freemasonry.

30 – That Unsightly Fate by Nikolai Belyakov
A poem rooted in real fears.

32 – Flood Ad
Start your day with DOOM!

33 – Arthur's Had Enough by Arthur Frayn
We've had enough too, Arthur.

34 – Forces Occultes by Bax
A film about the historical horrors of Freemasonry.

40 – The Changeling by Bax
A ghost story with political undertones.

48 – Synthesis by Bax
Comparing our evening's film selections.

50 – Contact, Submissions, and Donations
Reach out, send us stuff, or snag a shirt.

KODAK PORTRA 400

EDITORIAL: Horror, Tragedy, and Scary Movies

by FREN-Z Editor-in-Chief Bax Atos Xore **edited by Joel F. Carberry**

I love horror films—the rising tension, the slow elimination of players from the field, the dread as something otherworldly is revealed. Films focused on the unpleasant nature of things—ultraviolence, gore, and drawn out suffering—are closer to porn than art, and I don't care as much for them. These things are horrible, insofar as they're intensely unpleasant, but, in the best horror stories, tragedy is at the center.

When teenagers are sliced to the sinew by demonic beasts, it's inherently tragic, even if those characters were engaged in hedonism. Teenagers do stupid things, many of which are forgivable. Even as we cheer for the slasher to work through the most obnoxious teens first, we know on another level that, in reality, young death is to be despised.

Horror is tragedy. The idea of experiencing a severe tragedy is what scares us. A chainsaw-wielding freak might be put down with a well-placed bullet, but we too often reduce fear to a present stimulus (a cult chasing you, a ghost haunting you, an armed transsexual entering a school zone) when the average person's day-to-day fears are more abstract.

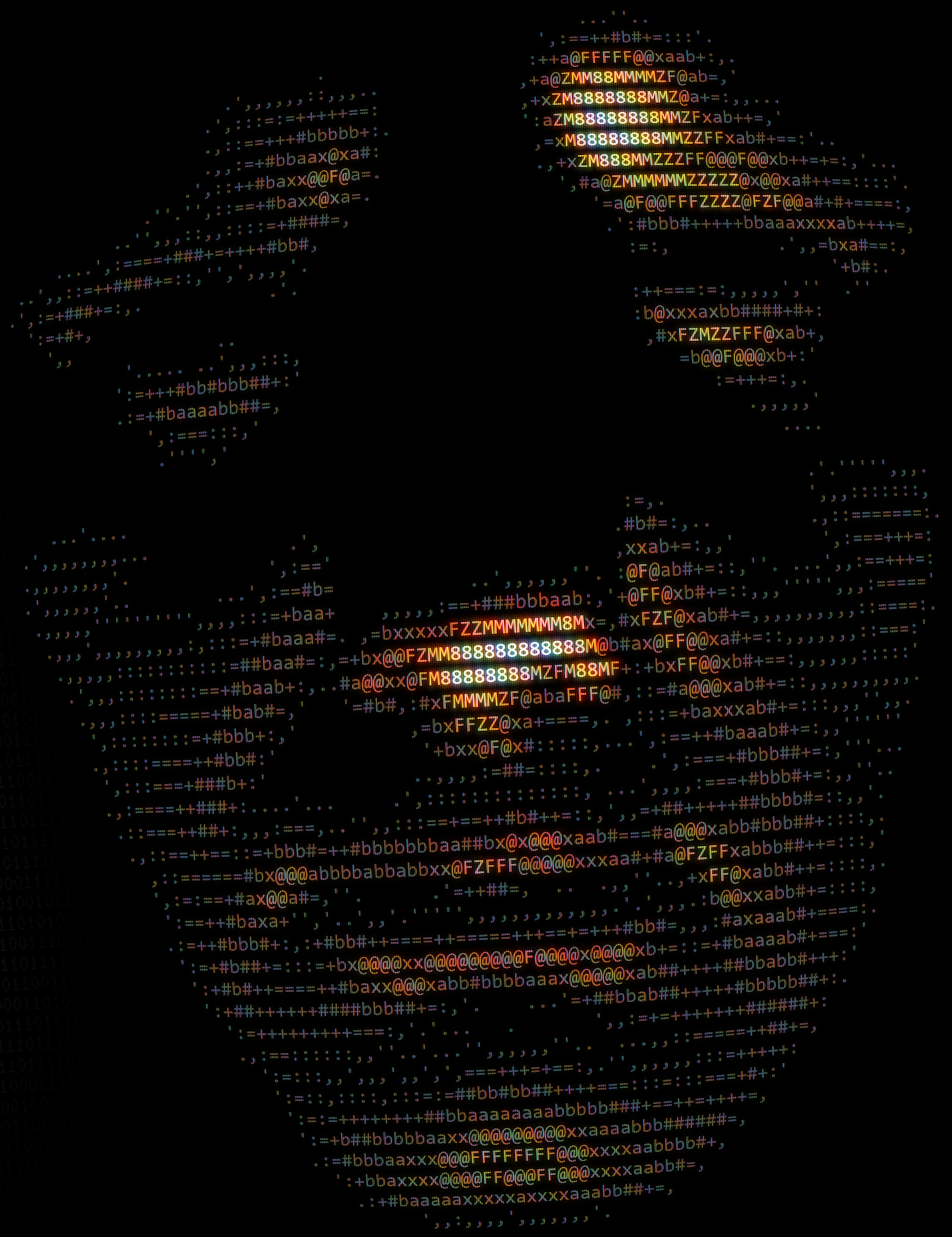
We forgive those going through tragedies when they abdicate, and this empathy is evoked in horror because protagonists often experience absurd tragedies, yet they refuse to abandon their posts. Many traditional horror protagonists are willing to face their worst fears in service of doing what they know to be right: resistance of evil, pursuit of survival, malicide. No wonder we admire these heroic characters and look to them for inspiration.

Characters who can't rise to this moral challenge end up with their insides leaking outside. Even relatively small infractions—drinking, smoking marijuana, premarital sex—cost characters their lives. Their on-screen deaths go beyond the discomfort and fear of a tragedy, becoming symbolic warnings. If a viewer does hard drugs, they may not be accosted by space aliens, but they're likely to ruin their own life, harm someone else, or get themselves killed. No one wants to watch endless films about the dangers of being irresponsible, so irresponsibility is turned into a monster-of-the-week metaphor to make it more interesting for the viewer.

Then, there are the characters who deserve to have their skulls vacated, the crafted, overt targets for our hatred: the gleefully cruel, the sophists, the subversives, the corrupt, the irredeemables created to give us a guilt-free *schadenfreude* as we bathe in their slaughter. There's no tragedy here, the bastards had it coming, and the audience is allowed to indulge in their gruesome ends.

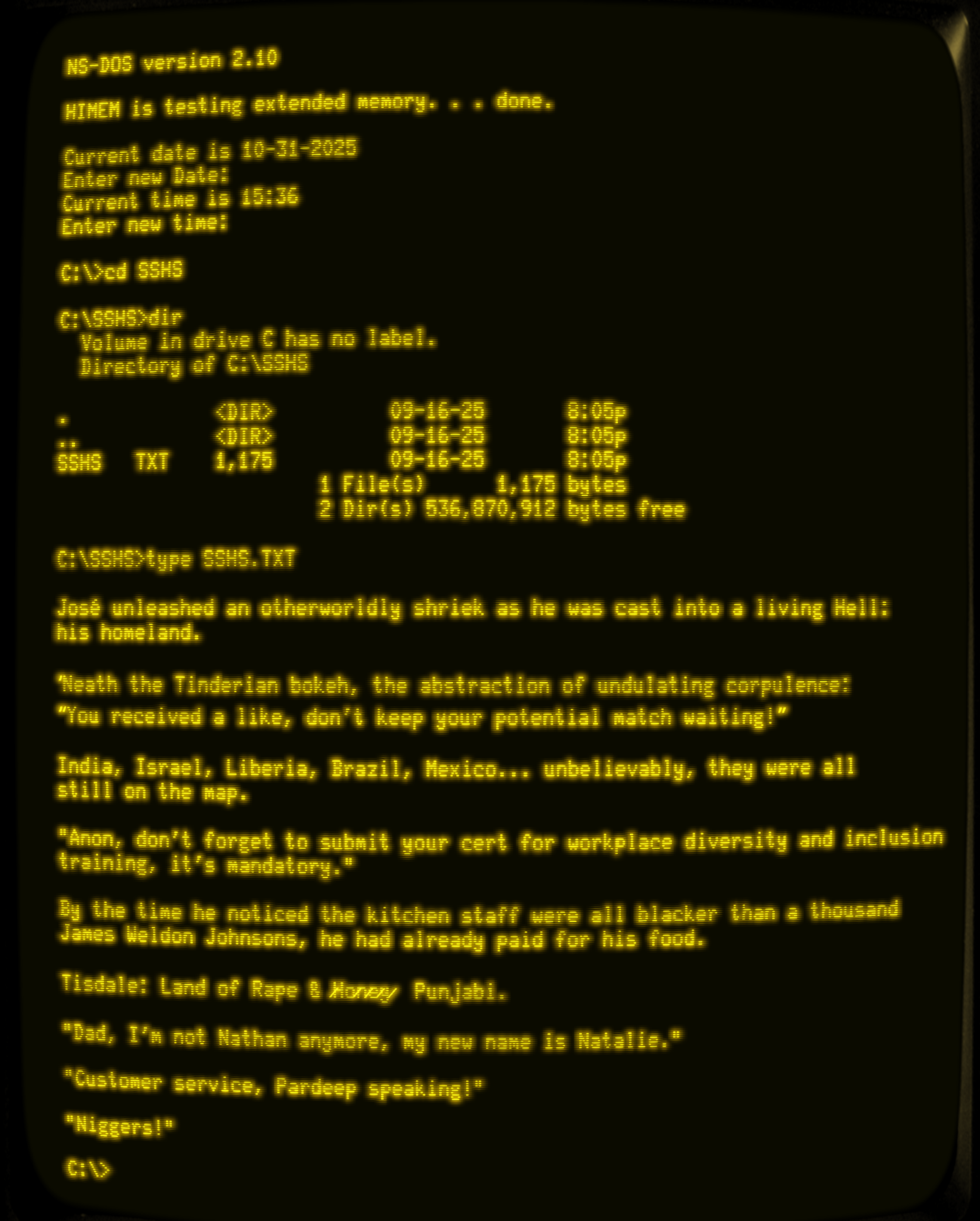
Other genres can demonstrate these moral lessons, but horror stories are particularly good for the job. I'm also a big fan of the genre, so I've selected two films to share with you this All Hallows' Eve: *Forces Occultes* (1943) and *The Changeling* (1980). For those who care, this is your warning: spoilers ahead on pages 34-49, where this article continues.

KODAK PORTRA 400



SINGLE SENTENCE HORROR STORIES

Art by Choccy Milk Enjoyer



```
NS-DOS version 2.10

HIMEM is testing extended memory. . . done.

Current date is 10-31-2025
Enter new Date:
Current time is 15:36
Enter new time:

C:\>cd SSHS

C:\SSHS>dir
 Volume in drive C has no label.
 Directory of C:\SSHS

.            <DIR>          09-16-25      8:05p
..           <DIR>          09-16-25      8:05p
SSHS    TXT    1,175        09-16-25      8:05p
                    1 File(s)        1,175 bytes
                    2 Dir(s) 536,870,912 bytes free

C:\SSHS>type SSHS.TXT

José unleashed an otherworldly shriek as he was cast into a living Hell:
his homeland.

'Neath the Tinderian bokeh, the abstraction of undulating corpulence:
"You received a like, don't keep your potential match waiting!"

India, Israel, Liberia, Brazil, Mexico... unbelievably, they were all
still on the map.

"Anon, don't forget to submit your cert for workplace diversity and inclusion
training, it's mandatory."

By the time he noticed the kitchen staff were all blacker than a thousand
James Weldon Johnsons, he had already paid for his food.

Tisdale: Land of Rape & ~~Honey~~ Punjabi.

"Dad, I'm not Nathan anymore, my new name is Natalie."

"Customer service, Pardeep speaking!"

"Niggers!"

C:\>
```

A KANTIAN HORROR STORY

Original Text by Anonymous, Thu 26 Oct 2017 02:49:38 /pol/ No. 146695892
Art by Bax
This text has been altered to fit the magazine.

As Kant says, morality consists of freedom, and freedom consists of reason's control over our physical desires. To be constrained by the people and substances around you is a heteronomy of the soul.

Imagine a man that is addicted to sugar and junk food. As soon as he wakes up he must stuff his face with hardened corn syrup cakes in milk. He has been gaining weight and is unhappy with how he looks, he doesn't feel as well as he used to, and minor pains bring him fear for reasons unknown to him. He knows he should do better, but he can't.

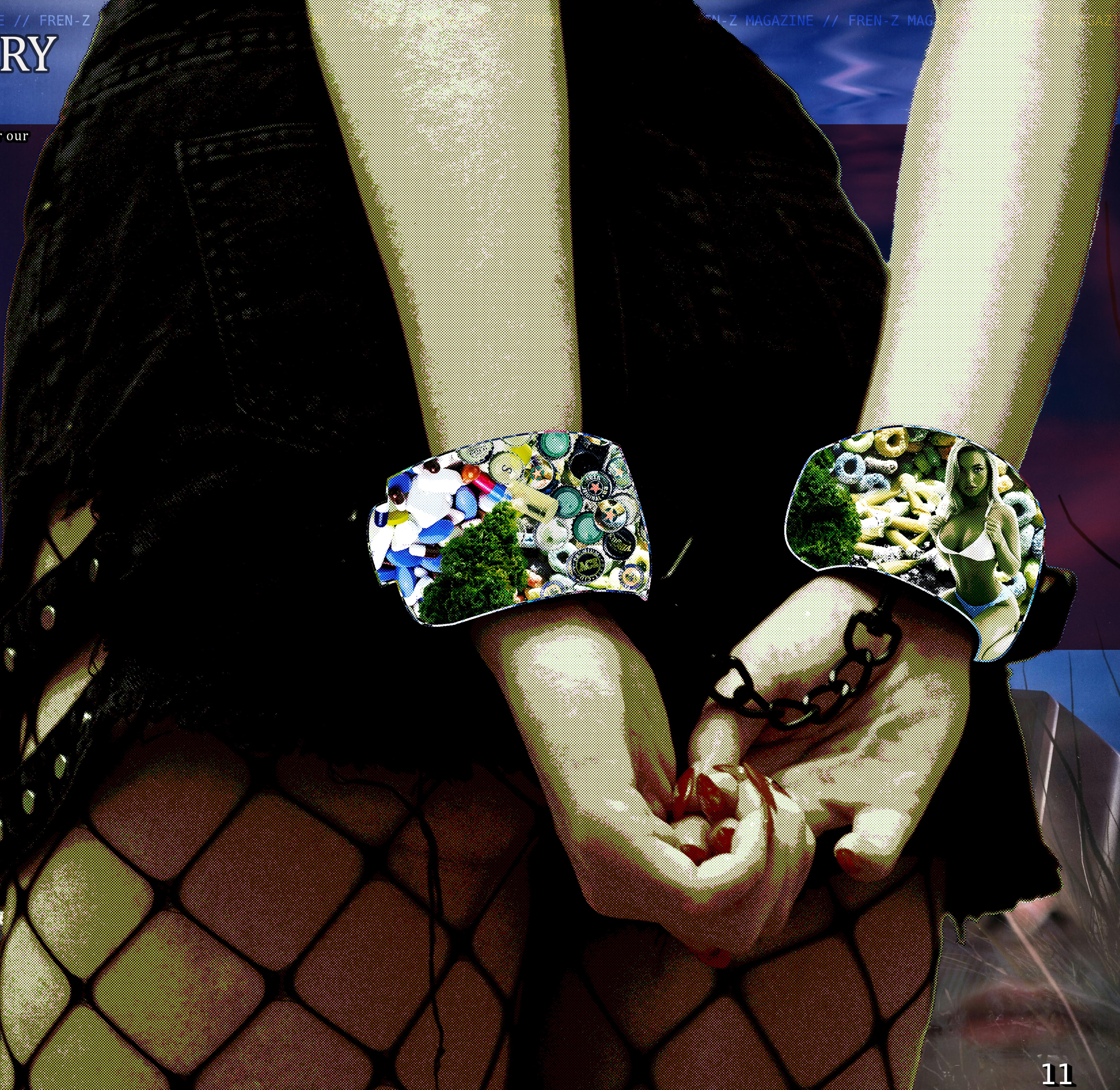
He has a cigarette once an hour. As soon as he puts it out his anxiety raises until he needs another one. His lungs feel heavy when he wakes up and he can't run.

His entertainment offers nothing but the constant stimulation of flashing colors and pseudointellectual platitudes, their cliche nihilistic messages help put out the fuse of his existential anxiety. Another joke is made. The connection of meaning is made in his head effortlessly. He automatically smiles and feels a sense of enjoyment, which will leave him feeling more empty than before, just like the insulin spike from his morning cereal.

After this, he's compelled to his laptop. Because of the constant novelty and dopamine saturation of pornography, he requires ever more obscure videos in order to get off. He is highly specific in what he needs, and clicks through some hundreds of videos in a matter of minutes, searching for a brand new video that will accommodate his fetish. He cums and feels disgusted with himself.

That night, his girlfriend asks him again why he never wants to sleep with her. He says he has just been tired lately. He has been conditioning his brain to porn every day for many years. He is completely desensitized to normal reward mechanisms.

To feel truly good is to live morally, which is the same as to be free.



THE NIGGER

A Parody of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," Submitted by Anonymous.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a loud and repugnant volume of jigaboo lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a rapping,
As if some white-palmed hands dreadfully clapping, nig-beats in
bars, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some half-brain?," I muttered, "rapping at my chamber door—
Only a nigger and nothing more."

Presently my annoyance grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"YOU FUCKING NIGGER!" said I, "get out of here, I implore!
As the fact is I was napping, and so NIGGERLY you came rapping,
And so loudly you came clapping, RAPPING at my chamber door!"

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
At the RAGE that built inside, burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I saw revealing, that this NIGGER was now stealing!
Stealing a bike off my FLOOR!!!!!

And the Nigger, always nigging, on my bike was still there SITTING!
"GET OFF MY BIKE YOU NIGGER BASTARD! DARKIE SON-OF-A-WHORE!!!!!"
And his eyes had all the seeming of a monkey's that is scheming
And the street light o'er him streaming through his nappy hair, to my floor;
And from out of that shadow I drew and aimed my .44.
DIE, YOU NIGGER!!!!! NEVERMORE!!!!!

WELFARE
KANG
GOÛT ORIGINAL
GRAPE
DRANK

From H.P. Lovecraft
10 Barnes St
Providence
R.I.

LETTERS FROM LOVECRAFT

Art by Choccy Milk Enjoyer

DEAR ANON,

THE FOLLOWING EXCERPTS COME FROM *SELECTED LETTERS* AND *LORD OF A VISIBLE WORLD*, AND HAVE NOT BEEN ABRIDGED, EDITED, OR ALTERED FURTHER. FOR THOSE WHO CAN READ HIS ENIGMATIC SCRAWL, AN ARCHIVE CONTAINING SCANS OF LOVECRAFT'S ORIGINAL LETTERS IS AVAILABLE ONLINE VIA BROWN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

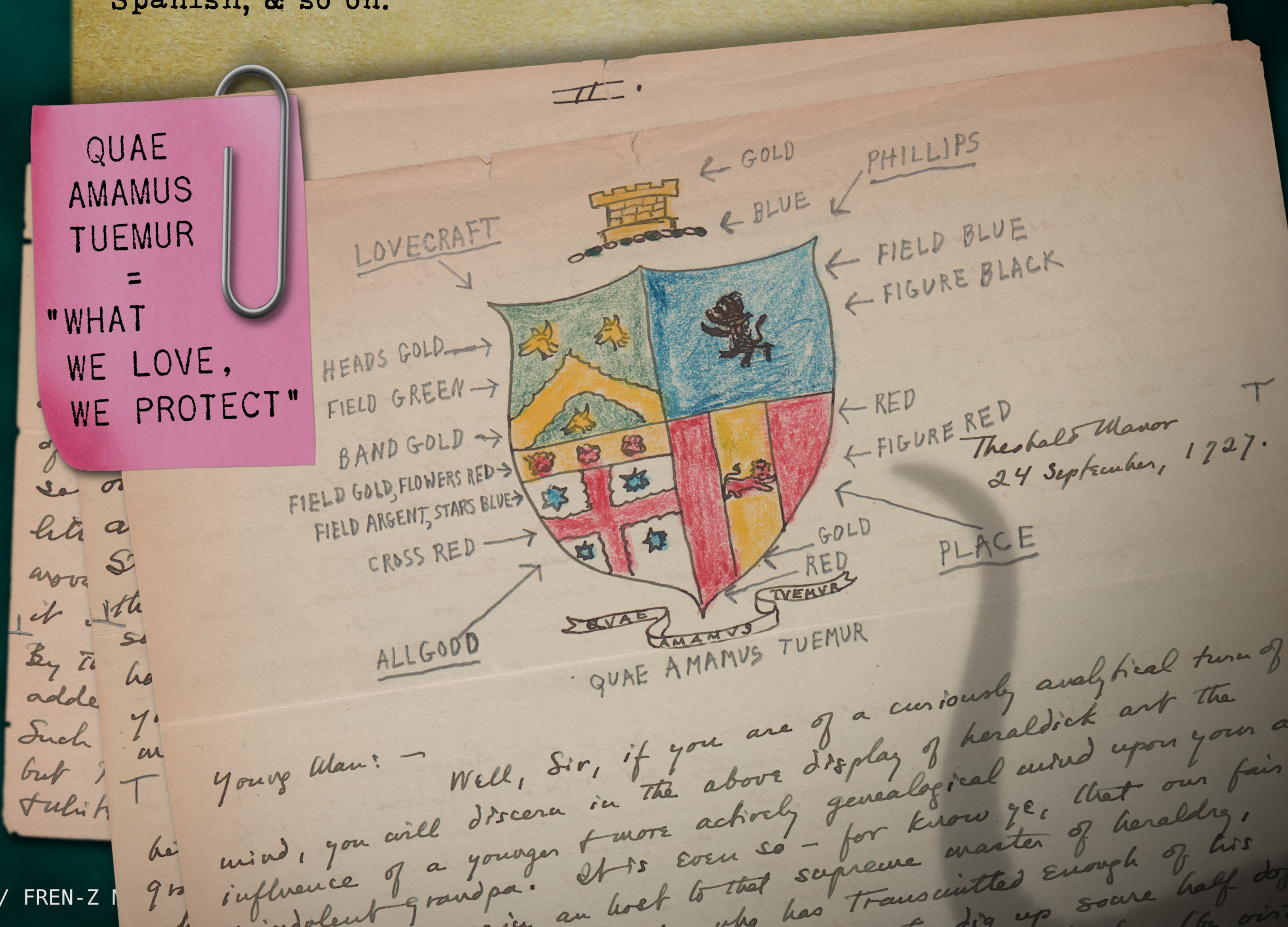
THE COMPLETE LETTERS, AS WITH ALL WRITINGS, MUST BE EVALUATED ON THEIR OWN MERIT. WE THEREFORE ADVANCE THESE LETTERS WITHOUT ENDORSEMENT OR DISCLAIMER.

-THE FREN-Z TEAM

A good three-quarters of my recent trip took place over territory my feet had never before trodden, and I found one monstrous and blasphemous neighbourhood whose existence I had never suspected-a region actually inhabited by degraded and quasi-human forms of life where I had always fancied there were merely factories and railway yards. God, that frightful and cacodaemoniacal valley of grey tottering houses and black earth and choking smoke and labyrinthine courts straggling up steep coal-dusty hillsides without pavement, plan, or purpose! The houses are very tall and ancient and grey, with shaky clapboards and shingles, and windows rheumy with unmentionable elder morbidities. Oozing out of various apertures and dragging themselves along the narrow lanes are shapeless forms of organic entity whose dead faces hint fiendishly of the rites and orgies and incantations in the hideous leaning synagogue whose wormy, unpainted boards hold strange Eastern signs and unholy marks taken from the cabbala and the Necronomicon. Awful things have been evoked in the pits under that accursed temple-one can read it in the puffy, malformed faces of the slug-like beings (half Jew and half Negro, apparently) which crawl about and wheeze in the acrid smoke which pours from passing trains... or from secret nether altars. Ngrrrhh... I shall weave all this into a tale some day!

It took an hour to get there; and since the train was uncrowded, we formed the highest expectations of the rural solitudes we were about to discover. Then came the end of the line-and disillusion. My Pete in Pegāna, but what crowds! And that is not the worst... for upon my most solemn oath, I'll be shot if three out of every four persons-nay, full nine out of every ten-weren't flabby, pungent, grinning, chattering niggers! Help! It seems that the direct communication of this park with the ever thickening Harlem black belt has brought its inevitable result, and that a once lovely soundside park is from now on to be given over to Georgia camp-meetings and outings of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Mah lawdy, but dey was some swell high-yaller spo'ts paradifyin' roun' dat afternoon! Wilted by the sight, we did no more than take a side path to the shore and back and reenter the subway for the long homeward ride-waiting to find a train not too reminiscent of the packed hold of one of John Brown's Providence merchantmen on the middle passage from the Guinea coast to Antigua or the Barbadoes.

If Japan ever conquered Australia or the United States it would be necessary for the Japanese to draw a rigid colour-line against the black fellows & niggers. Wherever superior races have absorbed large doses of inferior blood, the results have been tragic. Egypt is one case-& India presents a still more loathsome extreme. The Aryans in India were too late in establishing their colour-based caste system, so that today the culture of the Hindoo is probably the most thoroughly repulsive on our planet. The more one learns about India the more one wants to vomit. Aside from a few profound minds, the Indian people represent such an abyss of degeneracy that extirpation & fumigation would seem to be about the only way to make Hindoostan fit for decent people to inhabit. As a final word on the Nordic-no responsible person wishes to represent him as intrinsically superior to any other white race. In pure intellection he is surpassed by the Semite, & in aesthetic delicacy & sensitiveness he ranks below the Mediterranean. His great contribution to mental life is his sense of symbolism-his mysticism & his poetry. Here he has no competitor. All the supreme poetry of the world since Graeco-Roman times is Nordic, & we know that only the dream-inspired minds of Celts & Teutons could ever have evolved the imaginative triumphs of Gothic architecture from the few hints of pointed-arch treatment picked up in the East during the Crusades. So much for that. It is not on the purely intellectual-aesthetic side that the Nordic bases his claim to prime merit. What the Nordic primarily is, is *a master in the art of orderly living & group preservation*. He is the only social & political adult since the fall of the Roman Empire. His is that peculiar strength which sweeps all before it, & makes safe from aggression or decay the institutions he evolves. *Stamina* is the great contribution of the Nordic to the modern world. He has a natural code of ideals which places *self-respecting freedom & courage* toweringly above all other human qualities (that is why he can never reach common ground with the crafty, sensuous Latin, or cringing, ethics-worshipping Jew)-& this causes him to erect strong, permanent, & orderly fabrics which nothing can sweep away & which therefore form the places where civilisation can best achieve the unbroken continuity it needs for mellowing. Not that other races of the past & present lack kindred qualities-but simply that the Nordic is the most typical surviving example. He fosters those qualities most necessary to survival, & avoids the pitiful & contemptible messes of crawling parasitism & servile degeneracy into which other superior races tend to fall. (Cf. Greeks under the Roman Empire-Jews of all ages-pseudo-Romans under the Gothic kings, &c.) It is genuinely difficult today to see how our western civilisation can survive unless the Nordic race (i.e., the mixtures in which Nordic blood & culture remain reasonably predominant)-or ideals closely akin to those of the Nordic race-remain emphatically in the saddle; hence no excuse is needed for any attempt to preserve or strengthen the Nordicism of such groups as already possess it. But of course, the primary reason for such attempts is simply a sensible wish to keep every settled culture (Nordic or not) true to itself for the sake of the human values involved. No one wishes to force Nordicism on the non-Nordic-indeed, a real friend of civilisation wishes merely to make the Germans more German, the French more French, the Spaniards more Spanish, & so on.


QUAE
AMAMUS
TUEMUR
=
"WHAT
WE LOVE,
WE PROTECT"
II.
GOLD
BLUE
PHILLIPS
LOVECRAFT
FIELD BLUE
FIGURE BLACK
HEADS GOLD
FIELD GREEN
BAND GOLD
FIELD GOLD, FLOWERS RED
FIELD ARGENT, STARS BLUE
CROSS RED
RED
FIGURE RED
GOLD
RED
PLACE
ALLGOOD
QVAE
AMAMVS
TVEMVR
QUAE AMAMUS TUEMUR

Theobald Manor
24 September, 1927.

Young Man: — Well, Sir, if you are of a curiously analytical turn of mind, you will discern in the above display of heraldick art the influence of a younger & more actively genealogical mind upon your indolent grandpa. It is even so — for know ye, that our fair

CCS pharmacy®

```
      5890 MARTIN LUTHER KING BLVD
              GHETTOSVILLE
             877.527.7[illegible]4
          MANAGER NICK GURWICH
REG#13 TRN#777 CSHR#762378 STR#9999
     SuperCare Card #: ********1492

1 SUNSCREEN                       15.18

***********COUPONS APPLIED***********
1 2% BACK IN SUPERBUCKS - CCS      0.30

         Subtotal                 14.88
         Tax               6,000,000.00

         Total                    14.88

         Cash                     15.00
         Change                    0.12

JUNE 19, 2025                    4:20PM
*************************************
```

THE LEGEND OF FREE ROBERT:

Finally, some customers! Robert thought to himself as he eagerly rushed back behind the counter. It was his first week on the job, and he was ecstatic to greet the three patrons with a bright and welcoming smile.

“Welcome to CCS! Do you have a SuperCare loyalty-”

“Ppppshhhhh,” the tall, scraggly-looking one remarked whilst in the midst of smacking his lips.

“Ion need that shit, bruh,” he exclaimed, knocking down a cellphone charger from the rack as he passed by. The two upstanding citizens behind him let out a large cackle.

“Tsssssssaggggghhh kkkkkk,” they garbled. “Come clean this shit up, bruh! Do yo job, nigga!”

They snicked and snarled on their way to the drink aisle.

“Oh... that’s okay. I’ll get that, guys...” Robert said half-heartedly. He picked up the charger and went back to his post.

The sound of whispers broke through the quiet Muzak. Robert peered over the counter.

“Shh... nah, bruh, nah... bruh, hol’ up, bruh...”

Robert made eye contact with the scrag.

“Aye, what you looking at, bruh!”

“Oh... j-just seeing if you guys needed assistance!” Robert exclaimed, trying to sound as helpful as possible.

“Mind yo bizness, white boy!” the scrag yelped.

Robert started to feel a feeling he couldn’t explain.

The crisp snap of a soda bottle opening shot across the store, followed quickly by two more.

“Aight bruh, kkkk tpassss shh... look natural, bruh...”

Robert knew something was amiss. The unexplainable feeling grew ever more present, building deep inside his chest.

As the Kangs shucked and jived their way back to the counter, the darkest one reached his unwashed hands down into the candy rack. With his inch-long fingernails, he lifted a small bag of skittles and threw it on the counter.

“Dat’s it,” he mumbled, not making eye contact.

“The drinks,” Robert replied, the tightness in his chest now crushing his very soul. His mind raced for a release.

“Shiieeeeet, nigga, ion know what you talking ‘bout, nigga. Just rang up my skittles now, bruh.”

“The drinks,” Robert said once more, his patience growing ever thinner.

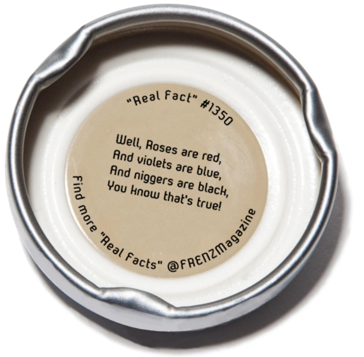
The would-be astronauts said nothing.

“Pay for the fucking drinks that you ran your NIGGER lips over!” he yelled, standing eye-to-eye with the mongrel. He knew that he might not see it out of the store alive, as the following chimp-out would be severe if not Category-5, but Robert didn’t care. In that moment, he surpassed an entire race of subhumans, undermining their very existence with the uttering of a word. He was a true King, free and enlightened by the wisdom of his forefathers, and carrying their ever-burning torch for generations to come.

When the police arrived, there was little remaining evidence as to what had occurred. The CCTV cameras had blown out, and the store’s records had all been wiped. No explanation was ever given as to who had replaced the CLOSED/OPEN sign hanging on the front door with one that read DEAD NIGGER STORAGE. The only surviving pieces of direct evidence were a pair of still-smouldering Timberland boots standing upright in front of the checkout counter, and a stolen bike located out front, which was eventually returned to it’s rightful owner (who later testified that, while he was glad to have his property returned, he was probably less sad to have lost it than the thief was happy to have stolen it).

No one knew what happened to Robert. His story became a myth; the myth became legend. Some say if you close your eyes and listen carefully, you can still hear the sound of his voice echoing in the night’s wind, that solemn word: Niiggerrr

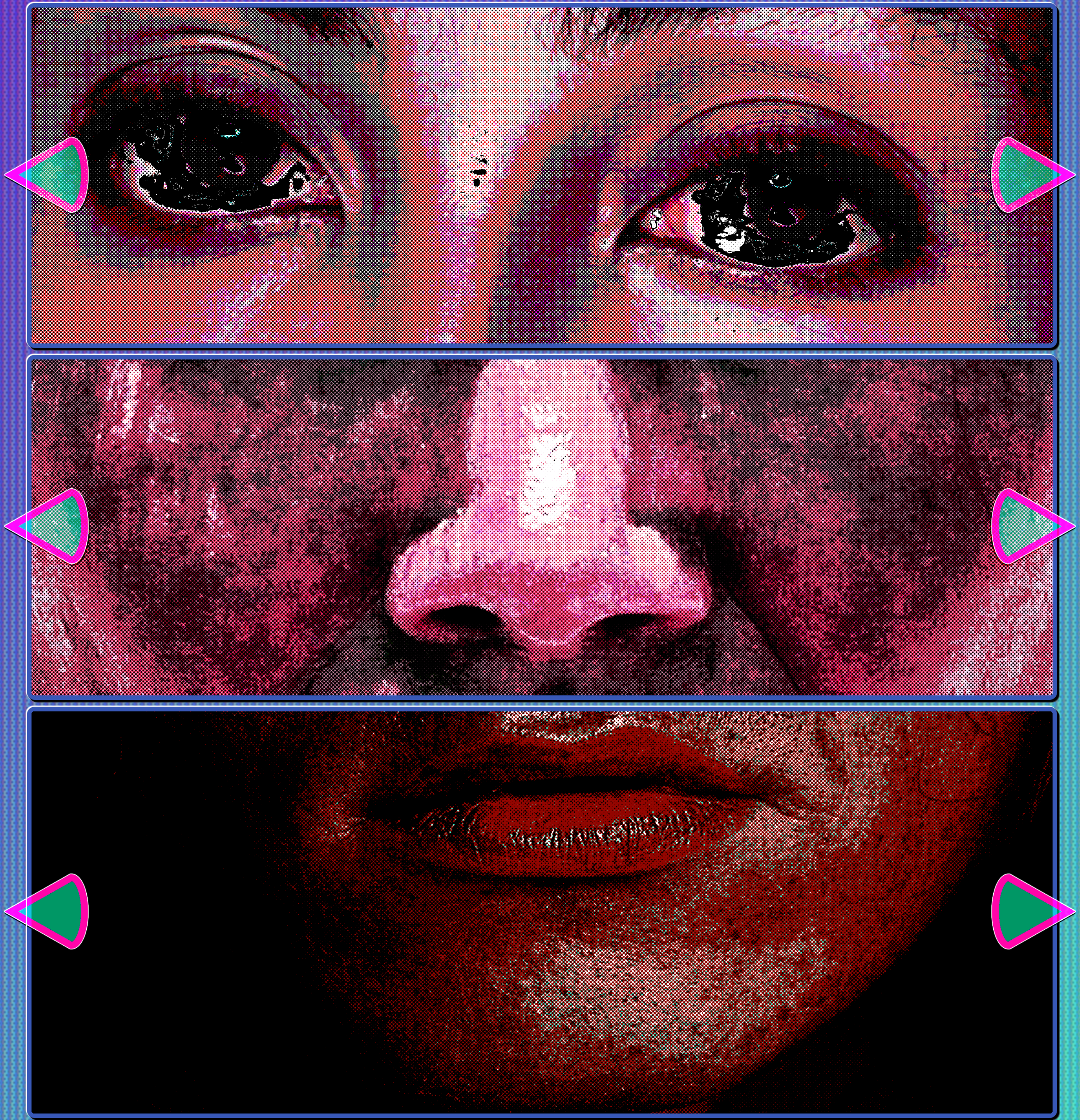
****



ART BY CHOCCY MILK ENJOYER

HEY ANON?

WHAT IS YOUR RACIAL BACKGROUND? I'M INTERESTED IN CALLING YOU A SLUR.



Original Text by Anonymous, Tue 25 Feb 2025 14:44:33 /pol/ No.498621646
Visual Concept by Choccy Milk Enjoyer
Art by Bax Atos Xore

The MUTTMAKR6M

FREEMASONRY REVEALED

by Hans Tancred & *Der Aufbau*'s Staff

LE
TALMUD
DE
BABYLONE
TRADUIT
EN LANGUE FRANÇAISE
DE JERUSALEM
MONUMENS DE L'ANTIQUITÉ JUDAIQUE
L'ABBÉ L. CHIARINI

Originally Published as Special Editions of *Der Aufbau*, 1935-1938
archive.org/details/TancredHansFreimaurerAufruehrerJuden193832S.ScanFraktur
archive.4plebs.org/pol/thread/491986872
archive.4plebs.org/pol/thread/492699801

Der Aufbau (in English: *The Structure*) was a broad tradecraft publication, with contents aimed at business owners, artisans, and merchants. It is said to have reached a circulation of around 1,500,000 people (as they put it: “Every craftsman, every merchant, whether a business manager or a staff member, is one of our readers”). Despite its large circulation, there is little information about this publication online, neither on the English nor German corners of the internet. Perhaps there has been an effort to suppress *Der Aufbau*'s detailed exposés, or perhaps it is happenstance, but we aim to remedy the issue.

The following article was composited from a two part special publication of *Der Aufbau*. We have combined elements from Part 1, “Enthüllte: Welt-Freimaũrerei” (“Revealed: World Freemasonry”), and Part 2, “Freimaũrer, Aũfrührer, Jũden” (“Freemasons, Insurgents, Jews”), while making adjustments and additions as needed. Extant translations had issues and we did our best to ensure the accuracy of the contents by evaluating the original German scans. The source material is much longer than this article and interested readers should seek it out at the archive links we've provided. We've left the original authors' conventions mostly intact (e.g., capitalizing "Jew").

While we believe the contents of this article and we feel that Freemasonry is a malicious, jewish institution, some bad actors have resorted to calling everyone they dislike a Freemason, in a tactic reminiscent of bad-jacketing. Acting that way is cringeworthy and it only serves to discredit actual investigations into Freemasonry, which make for interesting reading. Study esoterica, but don't act insufferable about it.

AN OVERVIEW OF FREEMASONRY:
> The main part of the Freemason ritual (Hiram's legend), and their lodge customs, are Jewish.
> Their passwords and recognition words are Jewish.
> Hebrew becomes increasingly prominent as members climb, until predominating in the higher degrees.
> In the lodges, the building of Solomon’s Temple is enacted.
> Freemason brothers are referred to as building blocks.
> In higher degrees, Jews and non-Jews enter into a blood brotherhood by drinking each other's blood.
> The lodges played a major role in all uprisings and revolts of the last 200 years.
> The lodges destroy the foundations of all peoples (Church, marriage, state authority).

Anyone who wants to understand and comprehend the nature of World Freemasonry must first recognize Judaism. Anyone who knows Judaism will understand the nature and danger of Freemasonry. Freemasonry is an international organization led by World Jewry and completely subservient to World Jewry, with the political goal of giving Judaism world domination.

Two great and powerful international organizations are fighting and contending for the political leadership of the whole world: Jesuitism, which wants to realize on Earth the State of God (“Civitas Dei”) preached by Saint Augustine, and Judaism, with its secret Jewish leadership, which wants to achieve the world kingdom promised by the Jewish God Jehovah to the prophet Moses.

While Jesuitism sought to gain its position as a political world power through the Roman Catholic Church, Judaism took different paths. It set up international organizations of various kinds, while also forcing itself into organizations founded by Aryans, quickly seizing control of them and converting them to its political goals.

Thus, the secret Jewish government today controls the Second International, with its headquarters in Brussels; the Third International, with its headquarters in Moscow; the World Esperanto League; the Pan-European Movement, which the bastard Count Richard Nikolaus Coudenhove-Kalergi leads on behalf of Judaism; the League of Nations, with its headquarters in Geneva; all the large trusts and cartels, especially the arms industry; and last, but not least, the World Freemasons' League.

The Jewish and Jew-affiliated writers who have written works in the spirit of World Freemasonry falsely trace the origins of Freemasonry back to Biblical Judaism. Noah and his three sons, Japheth, Shem, and Ham, were all faithful Masons. Now the Jews, with true Jewish arrogance, conclude that all architecture was adopted from Judaism.

In the law book of Freemasonry, the “Constitutions,” the bold and stupid claim is made that all the great wonders of architecture, such as the Seven Wonders of the World, were created under the significant influence of Judaism, and that all great architects were taught their art by the Jews. In contrast, the origins of World Freemasonry can be traced briefly and historically as follows:

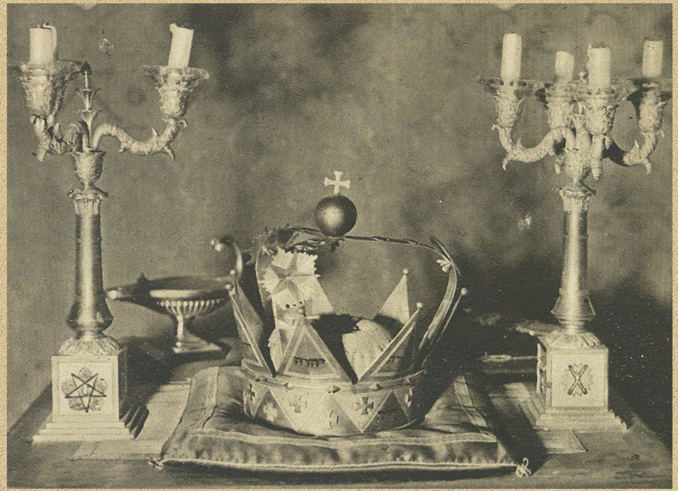
In the Middle Ages, builders were held in high esteem. Stonemason guilds, and masons themselves, were highly respected and honored by the people. These guilds, which called themselves “building lodges,” traveled from country to country. They built certain buildings on behalf of cities, princes, kings, bishops, and emperors, all under the leadership of their master builder. This is how all the great and still-admired works of the Middle Ages were created.

During the Middle Ages, countless mystical secret societies of political, religious, and other natures, had emerged, such as the Templar Order, which the Freemasons consider to be their forerunner. The building lodges came into contact with these societies. They gradually adopted many of the customs and traditions of these secret societies. Thus, the building lodges themselves slowly became a secret society.

Externally, they had certain identifying symbols and art secrets that signified their work (square, compass, trowel, hammer, apron), and also a special kind of greeting that was only known to guild members. Internally, they were filled with the dark mysticism of the Middle Ages. The Thirty Years' War caused the guilds to fall apart and, with them, the building lodges. In 1717, an Englishman named Sayer brought together four remaining lodges under the influence of the Presbyterian preacher Jacob Anderson. Thus, the first Grand Lodge saw the light of day.

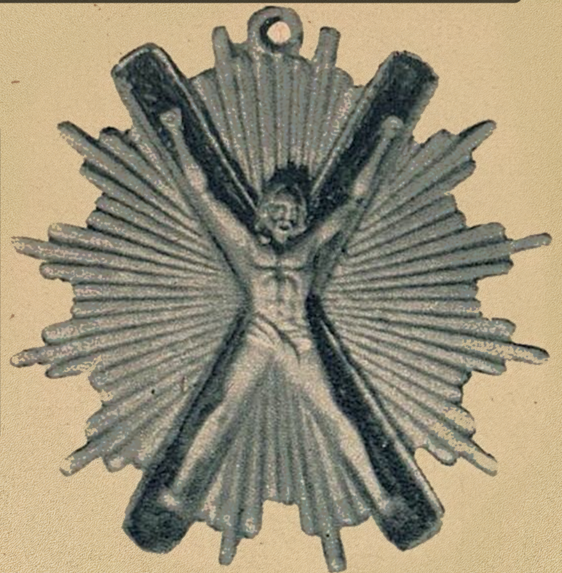
From this time on, one can trace the tight organization of international Freemasonry. The once good spirit of operative masonry, found in the original building lodges, was now replaced by the dark, political goals of spiritual masonry. The writers, politicians, intellectuals, and Jews, who now joined the new lodge, distorted the good and beautiful, entirely commendable purpose of the old operative masonry. The goal of the new alliance was world domination, and the political leadership of all peoples.

Freemasonry went about seizing world domination with purpose and plan. No means were bad enough for it, no path too dangerous. It resorted to every debased and cruel tactic to achieve its goals. It has camouflaged itself with religion and charity, and it hasn't shied away from writing “nationalism” on its flag when necessary.



ON RIGHT:
A Crucified Germanic
(St. Andrew's Cross
of the Lodges)

ON LEFT:
A Ritualistic Crown
and Altar (Used in
the St. Andrew's
Masonry, i.e., in the
Higher Degrees)



Basically, all lodges in the world are somehow integrated into World Freemasonry, openly or in disguise. Thus, all lodges in the world are: firstly, international; secondly, anti-religious (especially anti-Christian); and, thirdly, the leadership lies exclusively in the hands of Talmudic Judaism.

All lodges in the world are somehow subordinate to the central Jewish leadership. No lodge can be exempt from this, no matter how Christian or how nationalistic it may be. Freemasonry is more dangerous than Judaism itself, precisely because the Jew has camouflaged himself in Freemasonry, and because Aryans enslaved by Jews are particularly dangerous when they use their natural characteristics (like courage, determination, loyalty, and sacrifice) when participating in Freemasonry and fighting for Jewry.

The great Masonic author Lennhoff writes in defense of Freemasonry, with his work recognized by all lodges: “Freemasonry is either universal or it is not.” The Masonic author Gaedicke explains: “The whole world is just one lodge.” The statute book of the “Zur Freundschaft” lodge in Berlin, in the chapter “Constitution,” states: “There are no completely isolated lodges. Every individual lodge and every smaller association of lodges automatically joins the overall association of lodges of the whole world (Universal Grand Lodge). In the same way, the National Grand Lodge is subject to the laws of the Universal Grand Lodge.” These statements from important Masonic sources, which can be increased at will, should suffice to prove the internationality of the lodges, which know no fatherland, and know no national borders.

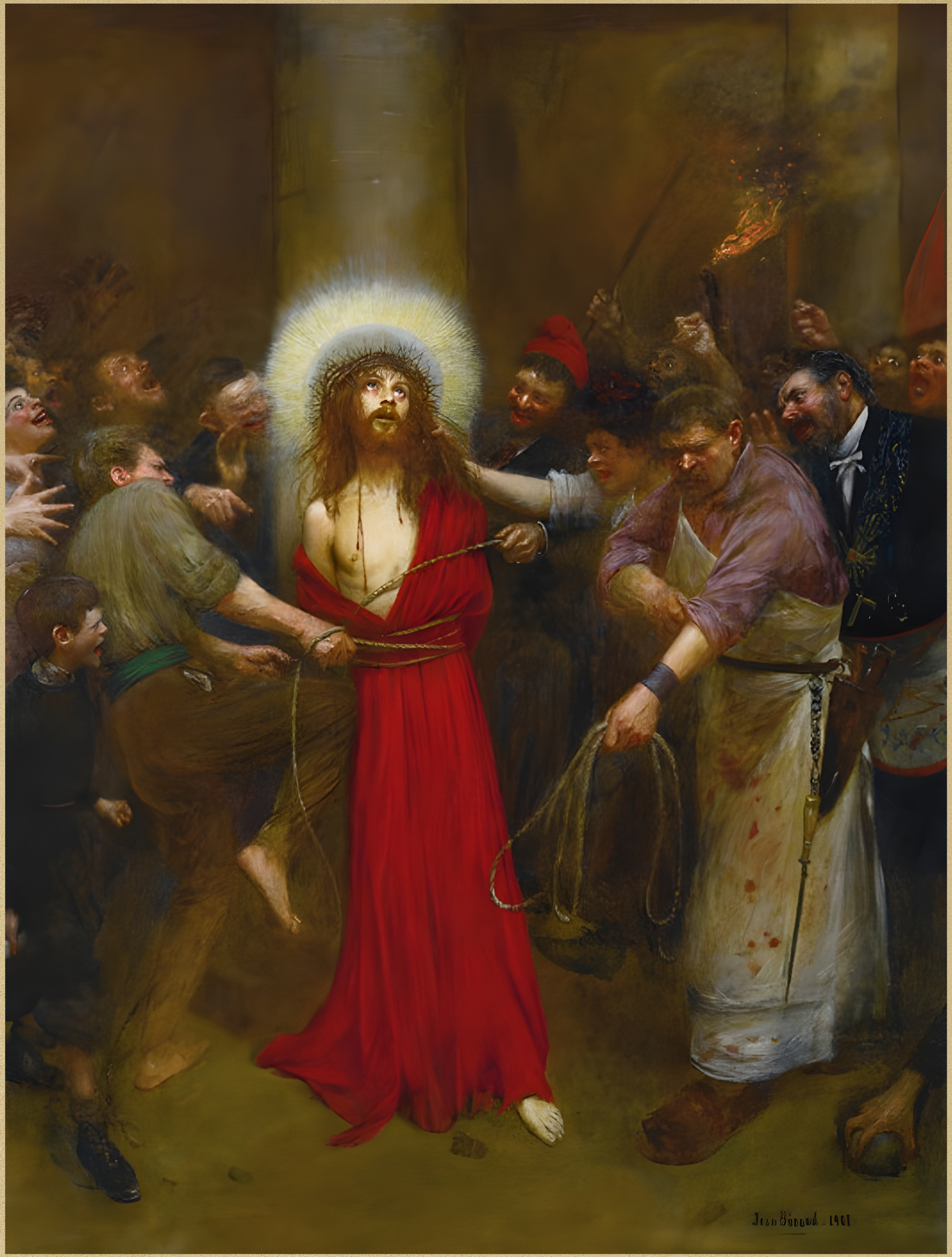
Certain international Masonic lodges claim to be Christian. Most German lodges belong to this so-called “Nordic” group. However, it is only a clever camouflage designed to deceive the “profane” (non-Masons) about the true anti-Christian attitude of Freemasonry.

In the former Masonic lodge “Lebanon of the Three Cedars,” in Erlangen, there is a display case containing an apron of the 18th degree, “Chevalier Rose et Croix,” on which there is a cross entwined with roses. This cross is in the process of falling. In the middle of the apron you can see the rising tablet of Moses. This is supposed to symbolize the victory of Judaism over Christianity.

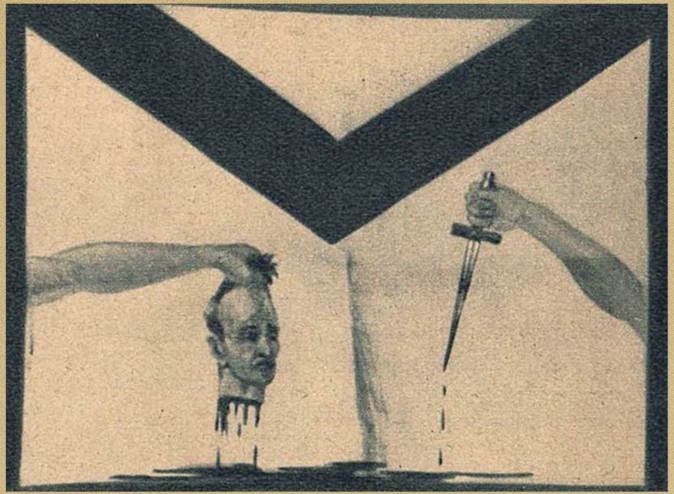
In the same lodge there is a print of the painting by the French painter Jean Béraud, who was a Freemason, depicting the Flagellation of Christ. In the background, on the right, you can see a high-ranking Freemason, wearing a leather apron and lodge ribbon with medals, raising his hand threateningly against Christ, and urging the executioners to flagellate Him. This depiction in and of itself would not be sufficient proof of the lodge's hostility to Christianity, but the fact that this painting was displayed in the lodge is a clear indication of their anti-Christian attitude.

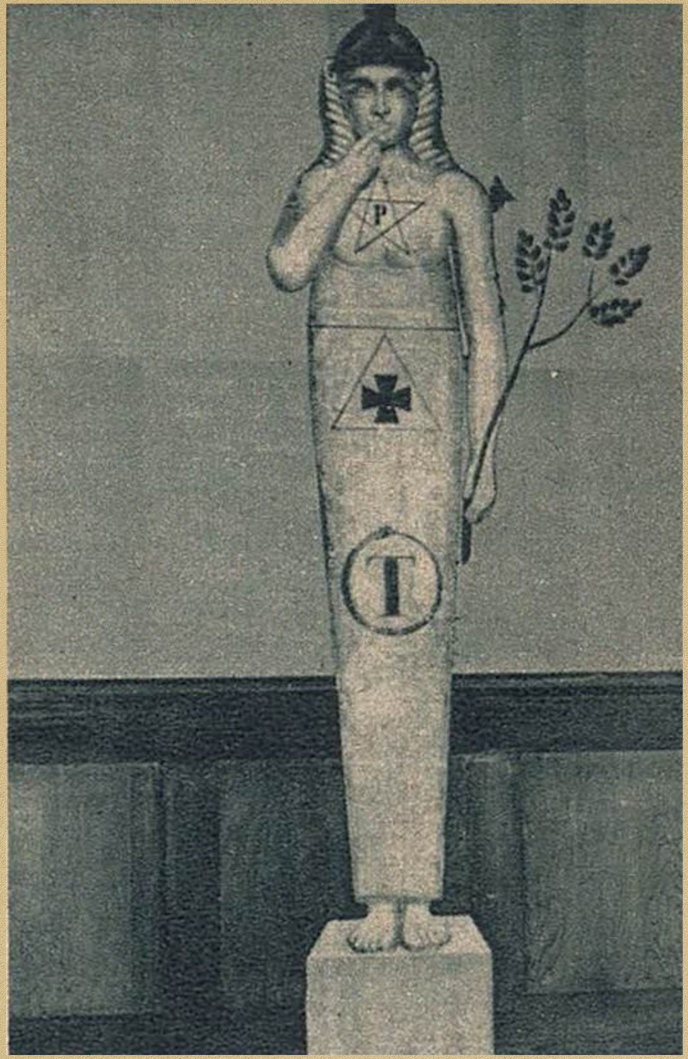
Wherever the Freemasons gained political leadership, they used it to commit violence against Christianity, as seen in the great French Masonic Revolution in 1789, where they elevated “reason” to the status of a goddess; as did the Italian Grand Masters Garibaldi and Mazzini in Italy in the last century; as did the Jewish and Jewish-servant Freemasons Lenin, Stalin, Trotsky, etc., in Russia; as did the Masonic governments in Mexico, Spain, Hungary (Bela Kun), Greece (Venizelos), and so on.

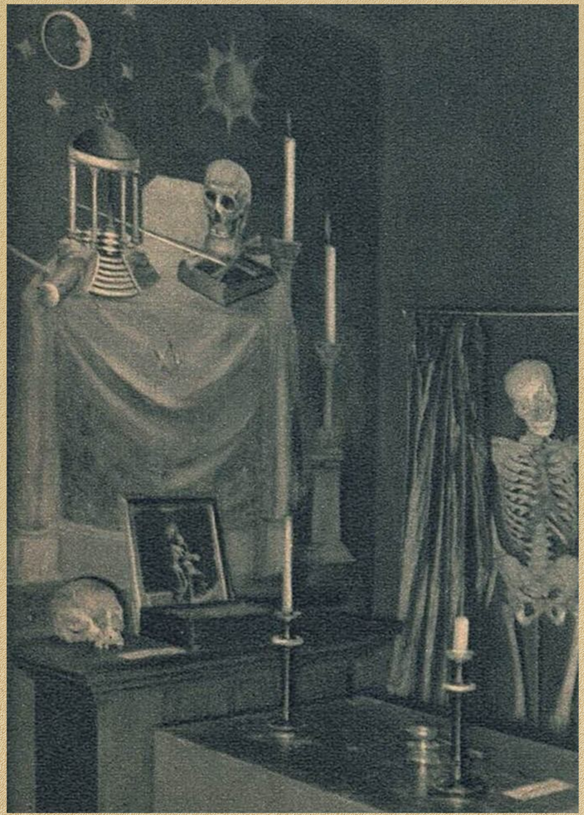
The evidence for the hostility of the lodges to religion can be multiplied at will. But anyone who is not enlightened by these authenticated statements and facts is incorrigible. The Jew, Brother Dr. Gustav Karpeles, wrote in the commemorative publication of the Bnei Brith Order (the purely Jewish lodge group) in 1902: “The idea of Freemasonry arose from Judaism; its founder is considered to be King Solomon, who saw Israel at its highest; an important part of its customs relates to the Solomonic temple building, the words and designations are largely taken from Hebrew.” [*FREN-Z*'s Note: The modern day B'nai B'rith has distanced itself from Freemasonry, but it descends from the original Bnei Brith mentioned here. According to the always dubious US Holocaust Memorial Museum, the NSDAP allowed the original Bnei Brith to keep operating until 1937, albeit with a Gestapo representative in attendance. This was clearly a mistake in retrospect.]



Christ at the Column (1901) by the French Freemason Jean Béraud







Top Left:
An “Avenger's Apron” of the 30th Degree.

Top Right:
In dark corridors, initiates
must search for the Figure of Silence.

Bottom Left:
Freemasons mock the heroic German Iron
Cross by “decorating” it with Masonic symbols.

Bottom Right:
As part of their initiation, brothers
must sit in a “Chamber of Reflection,” lined
with only Jewish symbols and human remains.

In 1914, the chairman of the German Grand Lodge Association (which included all Grand Lodges, even the so-called national ones) was the Jew Cohn. The ritual of all lodges in the world is entirely Jewish. The Protestant preacher Habicht had to declare in court: “... I must further admit that the ritual of our Grand Lodge [*Der Aufbau*'s Note: one of the so-called national Grand Lodges of Germany] contains Jewish elements.” All their secret words, passwords, etc., are taken from the Hebrew language.

In the 9th degree, the brother must undergo a blood ritual upon admission. Blood is taken from the candidate's thumb of the right hand and poured into a chalice. Drops of blood from all the brothers who have reached this degree are kept in glass prisms. The drops of blood are dried. Wine is then poured into the glass prism, the dried blood is dissolved and poured into the chalice. The person being admitted must drink some of this blood mixed with wine. He has now drunk the blood of all his brothers who have reached this high degree. Drops of blood from the Bavarian Illuminati's founder, the Jew Adam Weishaupt (a driver of the French Revolution), are supposedly kept in such a glass prism. These are thoroughly Jewish cult acts, to which the German Freemasons have submitted in the same way as those of the rest of the world.

Even the so-called Christian lodges accept baptized Jews, so there must be mixed Jewish blood in their crystal decanters. And German men drank from such bastard swill! These lodges should have called themselves “bastard clubs” rather than “Christian-German Orders.” If the high-ranking Freemason Müllendorf had not admitted to the existence of this blood ritual in court, in March of 1932, then such a monstrosity would never have been believed possible. At this point, the words of the bastard high-ranking Freemason Kalergi can be quite aptly quoted: “The coming man of the future must be of mixed race. For Pan-Europe, I wish for a Eurasian-Negroid race of the future in order to bring about a diversity of personality.”

Any comment is superfluous! Their blood ritual is reminiscent of one of the songs of the Jewish prophet Joel, which was directed against Egypt. The end of the song is: “But Judah shall be inhabited forever, and Jerusalem throughout all generations, and I will not remove their blood from the blood of the LORD, and the LORD shall dwell in Zion.” This song is expressly referred to when the blood ritual is performed. Several such blood prisms were confiscated during the National Socialist revolution.

When their great distress signal is used, all Freemasons in the world call out: “Come to me, you children of the tribe of Naphtali.” Naphtali is a Jewish tribe. This means that the Freemasons refer to themselves as Jews. The leather apron worn by the Mason is reminiscent of the clothing of the high priest in the Temple in Jerusalem. The meaning of the apron skin: in Exodus, Chapter 28, Verses 42 and 43, it says “...and you shall make him linen garments to cover the flesh of his private parts from his loins to his thighs, and Aaron and his sons shall wear them when they go into the tent of meeting or approach the altar, to minister in the holy place, lest they bear their iniquity and die.” Goede, an important and recognized Masonic writer, draws particular attention to this passage from the Book of Moses.

The fact that many lodges are run by Jews in particular is evidence of Freemasonry's Jewish servitude. In the Masonic lodge “Lebanon of the Three Cedars,” in Erlangen, 18% of the members were Jews, although there were only about ten Jewish families in the city, which had a population of 31,000.

A few Jews who were zealous leaders of lodges: in Italy, the notorious Mayor of Rome Ernesto Nathan; the Foreign Minister Sonnino, who brought Italy into the first World War; in Austria, the Grand Master Dr. Karl Ornstein, the Deputy Grand Master Dr. Adolf Kapralik, the Grand Orator Dr. Emil Franke, the Grand Orator Dr. Gustav Spieler, the Grand Orator Eduard Zinner, and the Grand Archivist Heinrich Glücksmann. As you can see, almost the entire official staff of the Grand Lodges are Jews.

In America: Vice President Marshall (a high-ranking Freemason of the Scottish Rite); the President of the American Federation of Labor, Samuel Gompers; the American Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau. In Belgium, Paul Hymans, the Belgian foreign minister and president of the League of Nations. In France, Alexandre Millerand (his grandfather was called Cahen) was the French Prime Minister. There was also the revolutionary Minister President of the failed People's State of Bavaria, Kurt Eisner.

The secret upper degrees are particularly important; there the political leaders work in secret. They sit in the secret higher degrees, but they also appear in the lowest degrees as “harmless” Masons. There they listen and influence the little Masons, while working quietly and inconspicuously.

The rising Freemason steps out of the pure tranquility of the lower degrees into a more active world. Party politics are laid out in detail. Educational issues are diligently discussed, paying particular attention to the financial support of spiritual associations. Press articles are advised; film, theater, and radio are not forgotten, because the importance of these educational tools is too well known.

In the secret upper degrees, however, the great world politics are decided; the great decisions are made, causing world war and revolution; serious crimes are committed, like the murders of opponents, princes, and politicians who become unpopular, but also the murder of traitors and disobedient people.

In one of the secret degrees, the master wears a sash, on which a double-headed eagle is embroidered, and above the eagle is written “ordo ab chao,” meaning “order out of chaos.” The ultimate goal of Freemasonry is, in plain English: “We want chaos, collapse, revolution, and, in the turmoil of these times of upheaval, we want to build a new empire, a new order, on a Masonic basis.”

Freemasonry has consistently pursued this ultimate goal in a manner that astounds us, but also forces our admiration. The pathways have always been slippery with blood and horror. The number of victims murdered by world Freemasonry runs into the millions. No revolution in recent centuries has taken place without the essential work of this order. The history of the French Masonic Revolution of 1789, in which the blonde nobles were slaughtered, is written in blood. During the first World War, 10 million deaths were the fault of the plague of world Jewry. The death toll from the murder of political opponents and ruling princes is enormous. The death toll of its own brothers, murdered on the orders of secret avengers, is also enormous.

Freemasonry has so much experience and practice in the destruction and murder of its opponents, and of its own brothers who have become unpopular, that such murders are rarely ever solved. Freemasonry, with the aim of establishing political world domination by the Masonic Order, should be regarded as a dangerous entity by the state for this reason alone. But since it tries to achieve this goal through wars and revolutions, through murder and sedition, the state organs have a duty to defeat Freemasonry wherever it is found. In Germany, Freemasonry, through its representatives Ebert, Scheidemann, Kurt Eisner, Fechenbach, Liebknecht, Rathenau, etc., led the revolt of 1918 and plunged the German people into immense misery. Above all, it fought against National Socialism, and anyone who claims that German Freemasons did not pursue politics is either stupid or a liar.

If one speaks to a former Freemason about Freemasonry, usually he vehemently denies that Freemasonry has the same philosophical worldview and understanding as Judaism, and will deny with indignation that Freemasons are in the service of international Jewry, and are its political vanguard.

The Freemasons like to portray themselves as harmless people, who are wrongly accused of political motives (e.g., subversion), and who have to endure persecution after persecution through no fault of their own, despite the fact that, according to their statements, they're nothing more than a humane social club.

Just as the ritual and the vocabulary peculiar to the lodges are of Hebrew origin, their spiritual attitude is also Jewish. You only need to have once seen a Jew in court to know this. If accused of murder, he denies it until he is overwhelmed by the evidence. If convicted, he immediately tries to present his crime as something ethically valuable; then he claims he only committed the horrific act out of high moral considerations. In the end, he is a martyr, and suddenly the murderer is no longer the guilty party, but the murdered one. We recently saw this Jewish tactic in the murder trial against the Jew Frankfurter.

No person of any other race would adopt such a tactic, but Freemasons use this tactic, regardless of their race! If they rebel against their government, the governments are condemnable; the emperors and kings overthrown or murdered were tyrants, but their murderers, because they were Freemasons, became national heroes; or, if they were caught and hanged, shot or imprisoned, they became martyrs for the “ideal cause of freedom.”

But if the Freemasons are just international swindlers, and there are quite a few of them, then these crooks are, through propaganda, turned into geniuses, and their victims are ridiculed as fools who deserve no better. All of these tactics are typical of Jews.

Most leading figures of the French Revolution were Freemasons. In 1791, a major goal was achieved: the Jews became French citizens with equal rights. In the following French revolutions (which should be called Masonic revolts), each time, the Jews were given more rights, both in 1830 and 1848. Finally, in France their rabbis were given equal status with Christian priests.

In 1852 French high-ranking Masons of the Grand Orient attempted to weaken the Christian Church through intrigue and, 30 years later, a French high-ranking Mason succeeded in separating the Christian Church from the state, condemning it to insignificance. We saw a similar series of events start in 1805, when the Jews in Russia were granted greater rights, and, 20 years later, the Decembrist uprising broke out there. That too was a Masonic conspiracy.

Everywhere, whether in France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Spain, or Mexico, whether in South, Central or North America, whether in the Orient or the Occident, whether in Europe or Asia, Freemasons are at the forefront of every revolt. They often succeed in seizing state power, and in defending and retaining it for decades, sometimes even centuries.

They work in a subversive manner, akin to that of the Jewish spirit. Not only do they break down any spiritual resistance of the “brothers” through their rituals, but they also have completely different, sometimes disgusting methods, to morally destroy dissenting men. For example, there have been Masonic societies in which the brothers were forced to kiss the rear-end of a porcelain pug. [*FREN-Z*'s Note: They're referring to the Order of the Pug.]

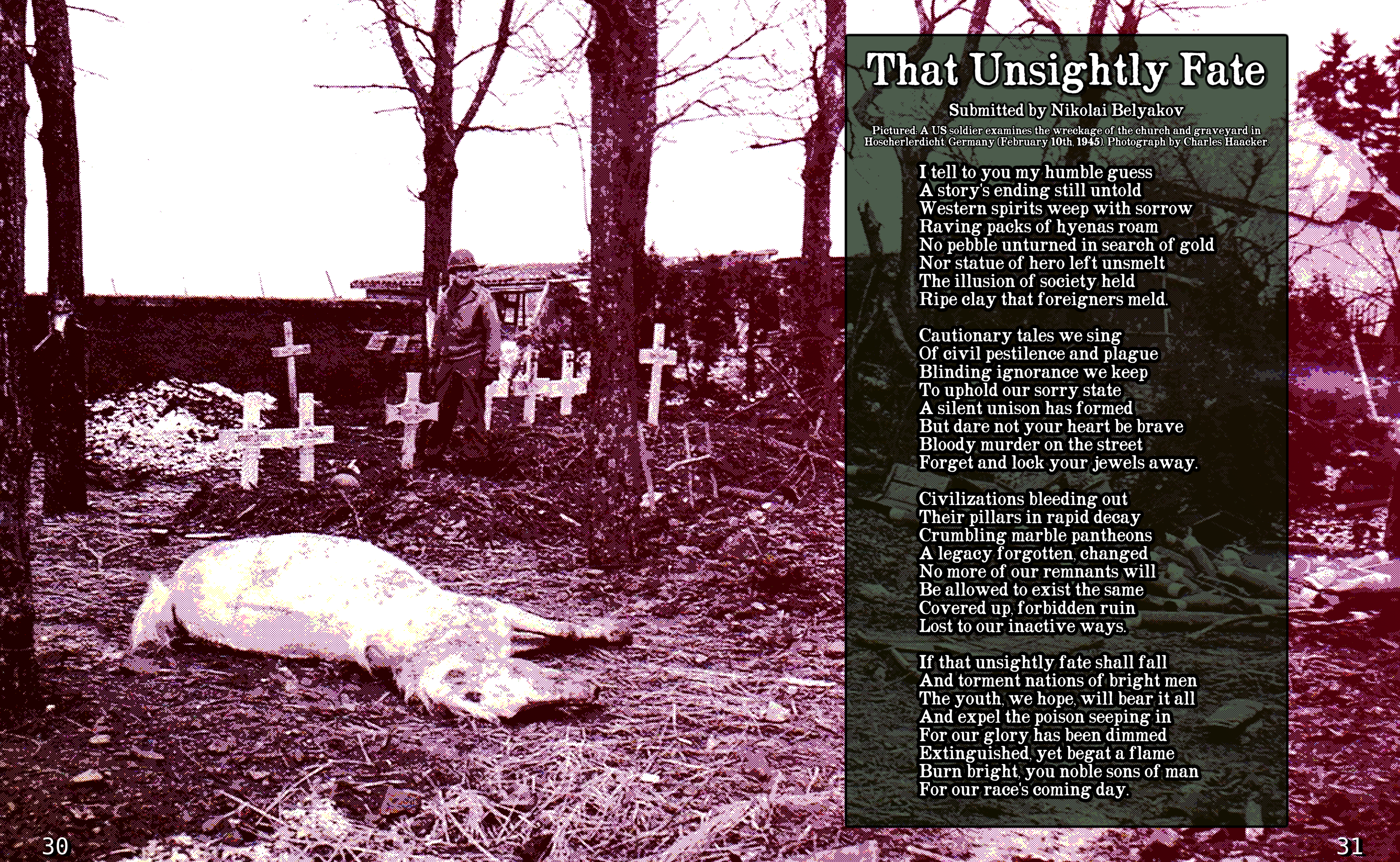
We would like to close this piece with a few sentences from Mein Kampf by Adolf Hitler [*FREN-Z*'s Note: We've used Thomas Dalton's translation (Volume One, p. 316-317)]. The Führer writes:

“In order to strengthen his political position, [the Jew] seeks to remove the racial and civil barriers that had previously hindered his advance. With a characteristic tenacity, he champions the cause of religious tolerance for this purpose. And in Freemasonry, which has completely fallen into his hands, he finds a magnificent weapon to achieve his ends. Government circles, as well as the higher circles of the political and commercial bourgeoisie, fall prey to his net of Masonic strings, though they themselves never suspect what is happening. [. . .] The Jew realized that, in his efforts to attain a dominant public role, he would need a 'pace-maker.' And he thought he could find this in broad sections of the bourgeoisie.”

No state that wants to secure its existence can tolerate Freemasonry in any form. Remember what tremendous dangers Freemasonry poses: the disruption of national community, rebellion, war, and ruin. Only the blind can overlook its devastating consequences.

That Unsightly Fate

Submitted by Nikolai Belyakov



Pictured: A US soldier examines the wreckage of the church and graveyard in Hoscherlerdicht, Germany (February 10th, 1945). Photograph by Charles Haacker.

I tell to you my humble guess
A story's ending still untold
Western spirits weep with sorrow
Raving packs of hyenas roam
No pebble unturned in search of gold
Nor statue of hero left unsmelt
The illusion of society held
Ripe clay that foreigners meld.

Cautionary tales we sing
Of civil pestilence and plague
Blinding ignorance we keep
To uphold our sorry state
A silent unison has formed
But dare not your heart be brave
Bloody murder on the street
Forget and lock your jewels away.

Civilizations bleeding out
Their pillars in rapid decay
Crumbling marble pantheons
A legacy forgotten, changed
No more of our remnants will
Be allowed to exist the same
Covered up, forbidden ruin
Lost to our inactive ways.

If that unsightly fate shall fall
And torment nations of bright men
The youth, we hope, will bear it all
And expel the poison seeping in
For our glory has been dimmed
Extinguished, yet begat a flame
Burn bright, you noble sons of man
For our race's coming day.

A PRO-WHITE SHOW
MORNINGS AND NIGHTS
ROCK, METAL, AND MORE
I hope you like DOOM, nigger.

Also featuring:
COMEDY SKITS
AUDIOBOOKS
& REDPILLS

Flood

FIRE UP YOUR DAY
WITH
NAPALM IN THE MORNING
AND THE DOOM DEPOT

rumble.com/user/Flood/
ftjmedia.com/channel/FLOOD
t.me/@OMGitsFlood
This ad was not paid for, approved, or endorsed by Flood.

Arthur's Had Enough

Originally Posted to Facebook by Arthur Frayn

This short piece was shared around social media some time ago. We do not know the precise date of posting, but the sentiment captured here is timeless. This excerpt has been altered and expanded from the original. Our alterations do not necessarily reflect the views of Mr. Frayn and he is not involved in any way with our publication, nor did he approve the use of this excerpt.

Nobody gave a flying fuck about homosexuality until the left hyper-fixated on it, making it into a moral and political bludgeon. You're a tiny, insignificant portion of the population. The world does not revolve around your sexual fetishes. You idiots have created an army of enemies where before there were none. Good job.

Five years ago, I was totally indifferent, but now, after years of hysterics, pearl clutching, demonizing, and obnoxious political theatrics, I'm totally opposed to homosexuality. I'd be willing to outlaw it. Look at the astronomical CDC stats on gays and sexually transmitted diseases. You're basically walking Petri dishes, so there is a clear, legitimate public interest in prohibiting your behaviors. It's basically a public health issue, and that's just scratching the surface. You're deluded if you think the only criticisms we can make of homosexuality are rooted in religion. People become a lot more amenable to this view when you start tying homosexuality to communism, open borders, the destruction of the family, or a politics that ignores the financial and social impossibility of having children. People don't have to be religious at all to come around to this view. Surprise!

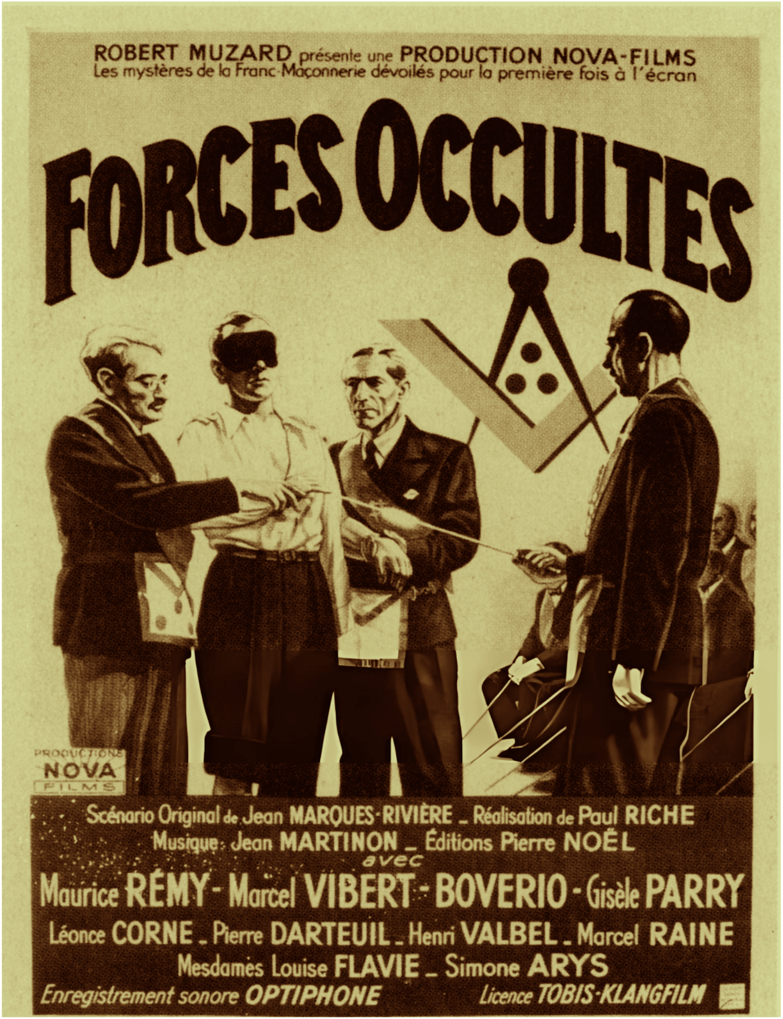
Do you realize how pathetic you sound? The ridiculous navel gazing and whinging about your little degenerate bourgeois bullshit, while half the country sinks into despair because they have no future? Goldman Sachs showers pride parades with corporate money because they want you to keep voting for open border, cheap labor, mass immigration, even after 40 years of wage stagnation. It's nauseating, but none of this ever occurred to you because you're the star of your own lifetime movie—we're just the extras or the villains.

Go right ahead and keep trying to shame us as "bigots" for not making your sexual choices the center of our cultural and political life, because all it does is get people to start considering legitimate reasons to prohibit homosexuality—and reasons do exist. You're about to find that out the hard way.

You let the neoliberal left turn you into political props. Your fetishes became an ideological fad for the cool kid, fashion statement left, and now we're telling you to fuck off. Let me know when you get run out of a job for being a homosexual; or hit with a bike lock by some lunatic while the mass media cheers and snickers; or put away for 10 years after defending yourself from assault, all while the police look on and do nothing, because they were ordered to stand down, knowing that the media would paint you as a monster. Let me know when your homosexuality is used to justify deplatforming you, or waging lawfare against you.

When you're called a degenerate, it isn't oppression—the person you're speaking with is just telling you the truth instead of encouraging your self-destructive lifestyle. You should be angrier at the people who let you make a fool of yourself while telling you it was normal to shove stuff up your ass.

Forces Occultes (1943)



ROBERT MUZARD présente une PRODUCTION NOVA-FILMS
Les mystères de la Franc-Maçonnerie dévoilés pour la première fois à l'écran

FORCES OCCULTES

PRODUCTIONS NOVA FILMS

Scénario Original de Jean MARQUES-RIVIÈRE _ Réalisation de Paul RICHE
Musique: Jean MARTINON _ Éditions Pierre NOËL
avec
Maurice RÉMY - Marcel VIBERT - BOVERIO - Gisèle PARRY
Léonce CORNE _ Pierre DARTEUIL _ Henri VALBEL _ Marcel RAINE
Mesdames Louise FLAVIE _ Simone ARYS
Enregistrement sonore OPTIPHONE
Licence TOBIS-KLANGFILM

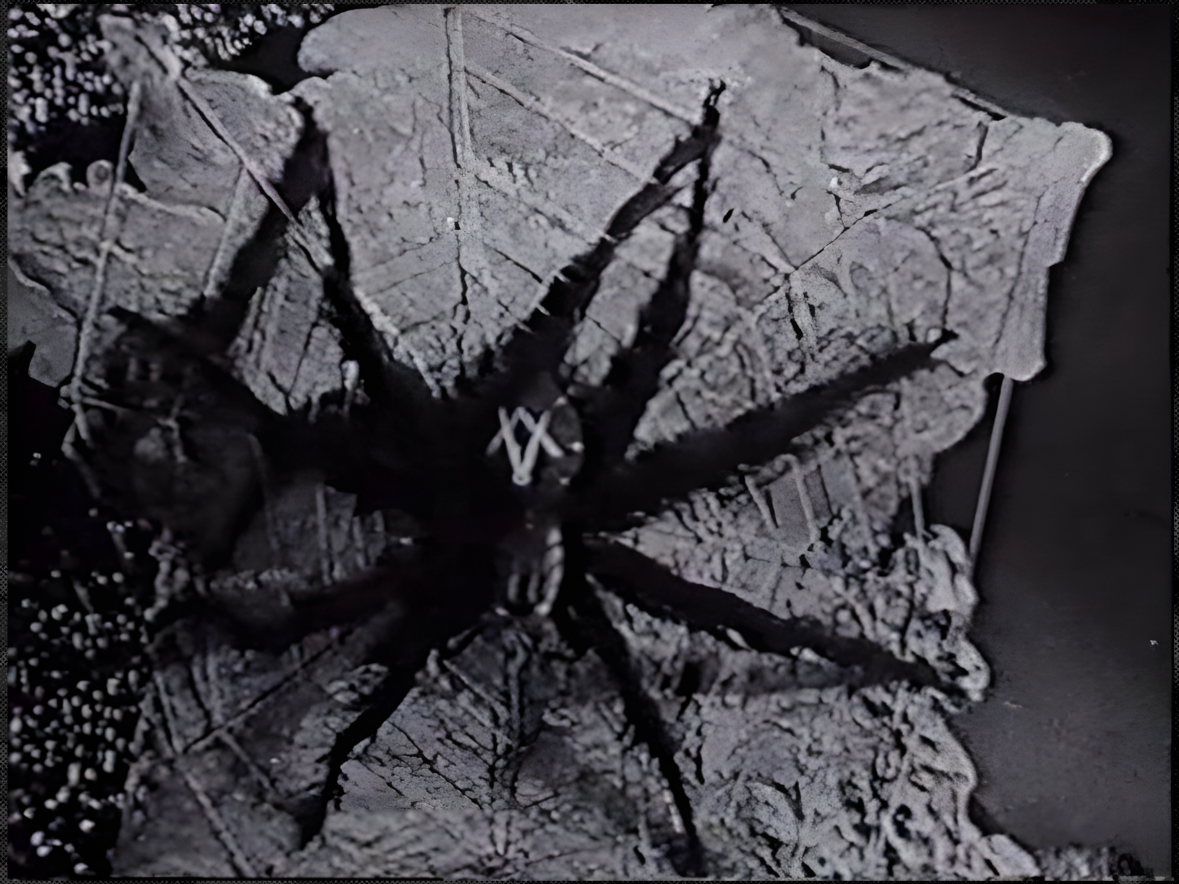
Even with NSDAP wartime censorship, there were still several notable works of fantasy, sci-fi, and horror produced. When these films were allowed, it was because they were seen as artistically valuable or morally instructive. *Forces Occultes* (English: *Occult Forces*) is noteworthy because it was commissioned by the NSDAP as a propaganda piece, so it was not only approved but requested.

Directed by former Freemason Jean Mamy (working under the pseudonym “Paul Riche”) and produced in France during the German occupation, *Forces Occultes* is part documentary. It depicts the rituals of 1930s French Freemasonry, as well as the political fallout from Masonic schemes, with the ultimate result being France's entry into the second World War and the general mobilization of France's troops. These events are tragic, and they are presented to us with dark, moody visuals that underscore the horror of the protagonist as he inadvertently helps to destroy his own nation. The primary intent of the film was to expose the moral corruption of Freemasonry and the historical role they played in the war, with entertainment taking a backseat to these ideological goals.

Mamy was executed after the war for his role in producing this film, as was the film's producer, Robert Muzard. The film's writer, Jean Marquès-Rivière, was imprisoned. As the film itself portrays, Masons punish deserters by pain of death, and they apparently did not appreciate Mamy's public disclosure of Masonic rites.

The film opens with the image of a spider's shadow, which gives way to a large prop spider with the image of a masonic compass printed on its back. Soon, we're shown Deputy Avenel giving a speech in which he lambastes every major political clique from 1930s France. Following his speech, we see a private conversation between two other deputies, Dubois and Dedon. Dubois questions which Masonic lodge Avenel belongs to, and he is surprised when Dedon states Avenel is not a Mason. Dubois assumed that Avenel was a Mason acting out for oblique or foolhardy reasons, rather than thinking that Avenel might be an honest man. The two resolve to recruit Avenel into Masonry, so they ask one of the local Masonic leaders, Deputy Larivière, to induct him. Larivière, being already acquainted with Avenel, quickly talks him into joining the local lodge.

We witness a series of interrogations and rituals. Avenel is forced to wear a blindfold for most of the process, save for his time in the “Chamber of Reflection,” which is an isolated room lined with human skeletons. A small group of Masons lead the blindfolded Avenel in front of a large Masonic audience, all the while pressing their swordpoints against him. During the ceremonies, they constantly refer to themselves and Avenel as being moral, and they make him swear on his honor that he won't betray their trust: repeated conditioning to convince the initiate they're immoral if they rebel against Freemasonry. The obvious jewishness of this tactic might go without saying, but not by me.



The Masonic Spider from the Film's Opening

During these proceedings, Avenel is first made to drink wine, then made to drink a milky white substance from a bottle labeled “FIEL.” The consumption of the fiel is a multilayered symbolic act. In a sense, it is a simulated poisoning, as Avenel is first given regular wine before having that swapped with the fiel, and he is not expecting a bitter, unpleasant drink. He does not even see the liquid and cannot know what he has consumed, which brings about a similar psychological discomfort to a poisoning. Avenel has no choice but to trust that he isn't being murdered, but, considering that “fiel” is French for “bile,” there's no mistake that he's being given something nasty. The ceremony leader explains that the drink represents the “bitterness and remorse” of betrayal should Avenel ever try to stand against the Masons.

This also moves the bar, making lesser demands easier to stomach. If one is willing to be blindfolded and force-fed bile, what is a small social favor or two in comparison? It is certainly more pleasant to drink whiskey, smoke cigars, and trade business cards than it is to be led around at swordpoint, and that difference is even starker when the two situations occur back-to-back (as they do for Avenel).

These initiation ceremonies act as a simulation. They create noise for disorientation, introduce physical stimuli, and induce loss of balance with a seesaw-like board that Avenel must walk over. All of this is done to Avenel while he's still blindfolded, so he cannot see that these things are not real, and he goes into this ritual with no foreknowledge of the contents. He doesn't even get to see the room he's led into, so, for all Avenel knows, he really is walking down a long, uneven path, lined with swordsmen, before crossing a pit of fire. It is only when the blindfold is lifted as part of a ceremonial enlightening that Avenel learns the mechanisms used in the simulation. When the initiate is enlightened, they're shown that the ritual was not what it appeared—a recurring theme in the film and in Masonry itself.

The duality of their ritual is made explicit. Avenel cannot see while they refer to "the light" in a metaphorical sense, representing knowledge. The ritual leader says, "Give him the light on the third tap of the hammer," taps the hammer three times, and then they pull off the blindfold. The first thing he sees: dozens of men, swords drawn, masks on, ready to kill him. This merges enlightenment metaphors with physical stimuli. In that moment of ceremony, the image fixed in Avenel's mind—the first thing he sees upon being enlightened—is a threat, and from his own Masonic brothers. Thus, the final truth of this simulated enlightenment is that the initiate is at the mercy of Freemasonry, their success now depends upon it, and any attempts at escape will result in the initiate's own death.

After the initiation, it becomes a social club. They all drink and smoke cigars. An appropriately named Levy-Stein approaches Avenel, gives him his card, and explains that he sells "everything, from hats, to socks, to soap, at unbelievable prices." It is straight to business dealing. The leader then asks Avenel to arrange the services of a tobacconist for one of the other Masonic brothers, to which Avenel replies, "At your service." They don't start by asking for major political favors, they start by asking for harmless business networking favors, and for Avenel to support the creation of a Legion of Honor for giving out political decorations (like giving someone an honorific title or a superficial challenge coin).

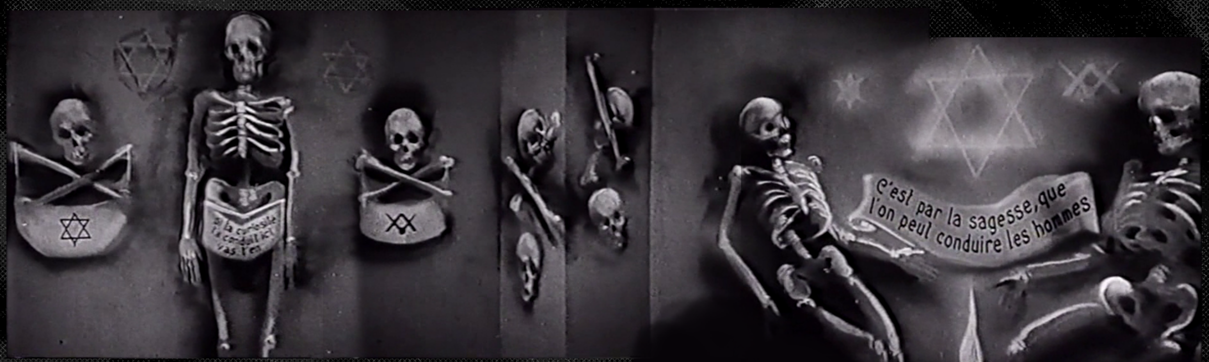
The banality of it all might be relatable. Some of this is stuff that you and your buddies might do. Friends often promote one another and this presents a front of harmless normalcy to Avenel. It's a classic frog boil as they slowly ask for more serious favors over time, Avenel being conditioned to always say yes.

Soon they ask him to place people into positions where they would have actual power, to influence criminal trials so that guilty Masons go free, and to push for immoral laws because they would benefit Masonry. They induct Serge Alexandre Stavisky into their lodge (a historical jewish fraudster who plagued France with his antics at the time), at which point Avenel finally begins to rebuke the other Masons.

This transitions to a focus on the real-world Stavisky affair. Disgusted with their corruption, a mob marches on the Chamber of Deputies, in which all of the Masonic politicians are barricaded with police protection. Larivière assures Avenel that the crowd will disperse soon because it is getting late and the protesters must be tired. Then, the crowd tries to break the police barricade, and some men are shot dead. The focus is on the horror of Avenel as he realizes that the police have just killed innocent people—people whose only crime was trying to root out the corruption that the Freemasons had wrought.

Forces Occultes presents a social horror. Avenel has obligations to these people. Of his own volition, he swore multiple oaths, on pain of dishonor and death, and now he's shackled to a corrupt organization that, by Avenel's characterization, is poisoning France: "You're destroying this country by poisoning it slowly!" Avenel clearly loves France and the French people. He displays open disgust towards the requests of his Masonic brothers, even when he is forced to comply, and he remarks that he wishes he could have been in the mob that was being shot at by the police, rather than being protected.

A Tracking Shot from the Chamber of Reflection, with Human Remains, Jewish Symbols, and a Nervous Avenel



It is easy to sympathize with Avenel—who hasn't been in a situation where they felt social pressure to do something wrong? Now imagine being perpetually stuck in that situation, a jewish cult will kill you if you try to leave, and the things they're asking you to do will damn your entire country.

Larivière is shown to control French politics from the comfort of his office, ruling via a rotary telephone. He calls the heads of local banks, newspapers, and political parties, arranging an overall narrative and Overton shift, with an aim of controlling the Front Populaire (a real political coalition that had Communist leanings). Avenel arrives, intent on resigning from Freemasonry, and he delivers his best monologue of the film: "I don't understand. So many virtues declared in the program on the door. So many mysteries inside, just to cover up these little schemes and the committee members' own appetites. I expected to find devoted men, if not superior men! Instead, I met people begging for tobacconists, or for political decoration, or rogues looking to use me to escape their prison sentences! Apart from them, sloganeers, those ignorant of everything, who know nothing of the history of their own country, nothing of world history, nothing of politics, nothing of philosophy—nothing! Empty heads with long teeth and insane tongues. And these people govern France!"

For the rest of the film, Avenel brazenly speaks out against the Masons, until he has an outburst during a lodge meeting. He declares Masonry to be a "sinister comedy" before storming out. Within minutes, the Masons decide to have him assassinated. Three men ambush him, stabbing him as they cover his mouth to dampen his screams. Avenel survives the attack and is hospitalized. The Masons take the opportunity to slander him through their controlled press while he's out of commission, alleging that he has a habit of visiting shady areas, such as the one he was stabbed in. They also call him "mentally deranged" in the paper to further discredit him if he tries to speak out. Physical assassination having failed, they try character assassination instead. As Avenel recovers consciousness in the hospital, he can hear troops marching outside, and he's informed that it's the general mobilization of troops for entry into the war. This was what Avenel was fighting to prevent. He ends the film a broken man, his body damaged, his reputation ruined, and his country subverted into self-destruction.

A 360 Degree Panning Shot, Demonstrating that Avenel is Surrounded

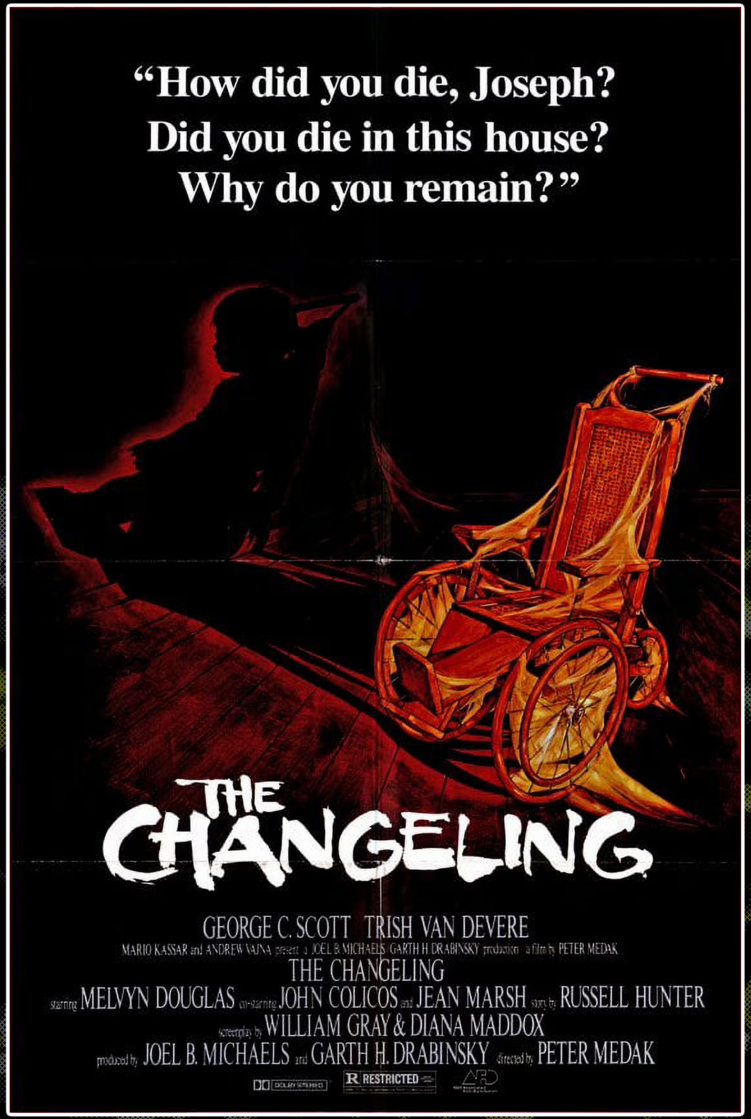
The documentary aspects of *Forces Occultes* are interesting, but they hamper the film. The 51-minute runtime doesn't leave much room for character development, and the filmmakers aren't given the chance to develop their most valuable ideas. There are repeating visual motifs that could have been expanded upon, such as the constant use of checkerboard patterns. In one scene transition, there is a checkerboard wipe, followed by a shot that views the street through a square-pattern grate, itself reminiscent of a checkerboard.

Throughout the film, we see the passage of time represented through visual montages and stylish shot transitions. Lightning bolts cut through the screen, ripping the previous shot in half; a star of Remphan grows until it fills our view; the current frame slides off to the side as a new frame slides in, only for the scenes to trade places again in a few moments. We are treated to a condensed view of events, as one might have experienced if Avenel was recounting his tale directly. We see montaged memory fragments: a few seconds of one meeting, a frustrated sigh from Avenel during another, the pompous speech of a bit-part jew who wants a favor, the brief confiding of Avenel's frustrations to his wife, the bustle of the street as Avenel arrives to the Chamber of Deputies.

Mamy clearly had talent, and he did a great job of creating an ominous atmosphere. It would have been nice to see a more fleshed out horror drama that used the Masonic takeover of France as a backdrop for a more subtle work of art, but one can understand that propaganda serves a purpose. Still, it's ideal when propaganda is crafted for maximum artistic effect.

Further exacerbating these matters is the film's lack of built-in context. The filmmakers assumed that the audience would be familiar with 1930s French political happenings—a grave mistake, considering how illiterate the populace are on even current political situations—and this assumption undercuts the universality of the film. Some films are timeless masterpieces that outlive their context, but Forces Occultes might be called a *timeful* film, as it is so heavily bound to its historical context that it is difficult to enjoy without doing preparatory work. The film trades artistic and entertainment value to maximize its utility as propaganda. But if you put in the legwork to understand the context, it allows for the recall and transference of 20th century memories, saving a view of real-world events that would have otherwise been destroyed by the overriding narratives of World War II's victors.

responsabilités
FAIRE DE
LETTE DU F
L'A -MAÇ
LES AUXILIAIRES
STAVISKY
STAVISKY


"How did you die, Joseph?
Did you die in this house?
Why do you remain?"
THE CHANGELING
GEORGE C. SCOTT TRISH VAN DEVERE
MARIO KASSAR and ANDREW VAJNA present a JOEL B. MICHAELS GARTH H. DRABINSKY production a film by PETER MEDAK
THE CHANGELING
starring MELVYN DOUGLAS co-starring JOHN COLICOS and JEAN MARSH story by RUSSELL HUNTER
screenplay by WILLIAM GRAY & DIANA MADDOX
produced by JOEL B. MICHAELS and GARTH H. DRABINSKY directed by PETER MEDAK
R RESTRICTED

The Changeling (1980)

Peter Medak did a wonderful job directing *The Changeling*, but that won't stop me from disclaiming that the man is a jewish Hungarian. Much of the narrative control of this film, however, can be attributed to Russell Hunter, who wrote the story based on his alleged real-life experiences with a haunted house in the Cheesman Park area of Denver, Colorado. Note that sometimes the characters in the film call the mansion "the Chessman house" (the film's Chessman Park being a fictionalized version of Cheesman Park), the producers formed the company Chessman Park Productions (which existed solely to produce *The Changeling* and which dissolved after the project was completed), and the main character, John Russell, is named after Russell Hunter himself.

Medak was approached after William Gray and Diana Maddox had already turned Hunter's work into a screenplay, as well as after the departure of two previous directors. With the set already far into construction, Medak had less than a month before the script was to be locked in, so he could make few substantial changes.

All that to say, this is not a case of a jewish director-auteur creating a subversive film. Most of the core collaborators on *The Changeling* were White. I must admit, as silly as it might sound, that I was shocked to learn that Medak was jewish, in part because of *The Changeling*'s gorgeous celebration of classicism—the music used throughout the film (including original pieces by Canadian composer Rick Wilkins), the European design of the fictional Carmichael Mansion, the repeating presence of a classic Greek meander in the background.

The film opens on a winter landscape: frozen trees, snow, a barely cleared road. John pushes his broken-down car, with his wife Joanna and young daughter Kathy assisting him. They come across a street corner payphone. As John dials roadside assistance, a truck veers off the road to avoid striking another car, slamming into John's car and crushing his family in an instant. In his panic, John is trapped by the payphone, helplessly struggling with the door as he watches them die. This tragedy underpins the narrative of the film.

Thereafter, John is packing up his apartment. We see John playing the piano as Kathy enters and greets him. She throws a red ball towards him. Suddenly, we realize that the red ball has fallen from the side of a box and that his daughter was not there to throw it, reaffirming her death in the accident. John's memory of playing catch with his daughter was overlaid on his present moment, and we re-experience that moment with him. In these early New York scenes, it is raining, and this rain continues through many scenes of the film, tying into a theme of water.

Once John arrives in Seattle to take up a teaching post, he visits a married couple—his friends and fellow faculty members. As their children walk through the room, we briefly see the pain on John's face as he makes eye contact with their daughter, who looks like Kathy. The film repeatedly emphasizes realistic facial expressions and body language to demonstrate the emotional states of the main characters. This was necessary for John's character, who is a strong, experienced, older White guy. He's smart, dedicated, honorable, but he loses his composure and begins sobbing about his dead family in private, so we know he is suffering tremendously. Still, he's reluctant to discuss his grief in detail, even with his nascent love interest, Claire Norman. He's quick to refocus conversations from his grief to his need to "make demands of himself." It would undermine John's character if he gave a long, emotional monologue, and his grieving process is easy to relate to. Sometimes, in the wake of such a monumental loss, we throw ourselves into our work. John has lost those he loves most, but he's still determined to be a great composer.

The Frosted Landscape where John's Family Perishes

In this endeavor, John succeeds. We see his first lecture as a music professor. The room is packed far beyond capacity, which John jokes about good-naturedly. These people came for a show, so John sits at the piano and begins to play one of his compositions, which seamlessly transitions to that same composition being played by an orchestra. This transition demonstrates his success, showing without telling that John became a popular professor and that his music was garnering public acclaim. We see John feeling proud. Despite his lingering grief, he's carrying on his career and forming new, meaningful connections in a city he used to call home.

Here we meet Senator Joseph Carmichael. He gives a speech after the performance, in the foyer of the concert hall, with signs that say, "Support Your Local Symphony." We see TV cameras filming the Senator as he discusses his role in the orchestra's fundraising efforts. We're informed that he's on the Historical Preservation Society's board of directors and he's their top philanthropist. Claire, who works with the Society, met John when he inquired about renting the old Carmichael mansion, where John now lives. It's made clear that Senator Carmichael's family once owned John's new residence.

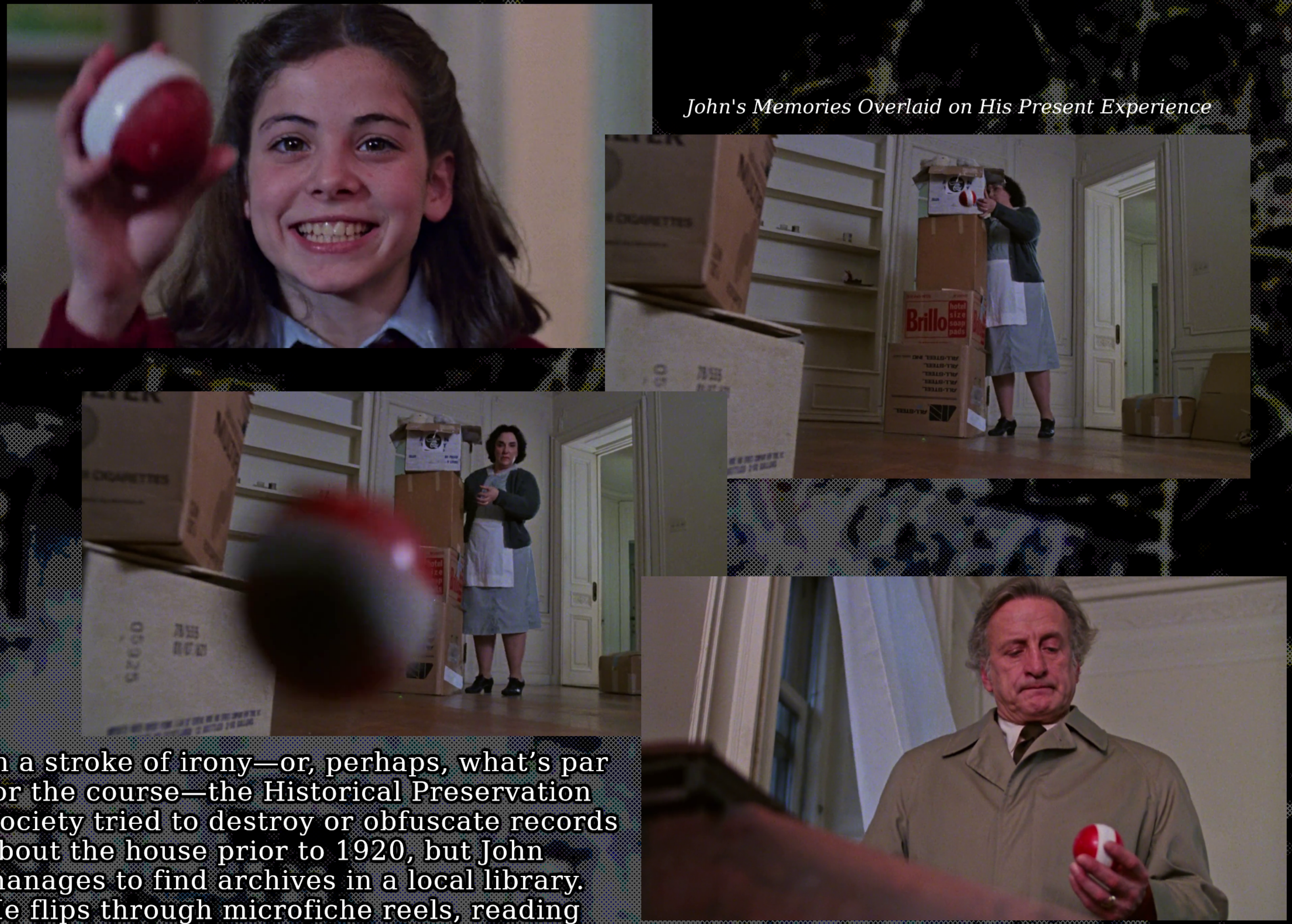
The Carmichael Manor Exterior was a Façade Affixed to a Smaller House

After this distant contact between John and the Senator, the haunting begins. First, it manifests as unexplainable banging in the pipes, every morning at 6AM. John goes horseback riding with Claire as their relationship begins to develop, but he appears gloomy afterwards. When she asks what's bothering him, John mentions that Kathy loved horses, and this moment of candor cuts to memory fragments from the accident. John awakens sobbing and we see that those were his dreams. The clock reads 6AM, and the banging starts up once more, intensified by John's renewed grief. That night, it rains. John is practicing a new composition with his students, and he sees them to the door as they leave the manor. After the last car pulls away, John hears running water, and he soon finds that a faucet is on. As he turns it off, another activates, and John is led through the house by the sound of running water. Finally arriving in an upstairs bathroom, John finds that the tub has filled itself to the brim. As he goes to pull the plug, he sees the apparition of a drowning child.

Overwhelmed, John seeks answers with the Historical Preservation Society, figuring that they might know if the place was haunted. One of their leaders, Ms. Huxley, is visibly resentful that John is snooping around. She tells him his lease is illegitimate, not because it isn't legal, but because she was not allowed to run it through “the proper channels.” We soon realize that she takes orders directly from the Senator, and that she had wanted his approval prior to renting the house to anyone. She brags about the Senator's generosity, noting that he provided the Society with a grant just for the acquisition of the Carmichael manor. This is not the act of charity that she plays it off to be, as it's clear that he went through the trouble of buying his family's old mansion and turning it into a historical site so that people couldn't go digging about inside of it.

From this point on, the film has a fixation on glass shattering. The ghost shatters an exterior window as John is leaving the house, leading him to find a hidden room. The room's entrance has been turned into a closet, and the door is both boarded and padlocked. As John strikes the lock, the pipes resonate with his swings, as if the spirit is urging him onward, and it only stops when the lock has been smashed.

Inside the hidden room, John finds a music box and a large antique bathtub. The music box plays the most recent song that he had been composing, in the same key, at the same tempo, and John realizes that something had been psychically influencing him to write that music. Suddenly, he sees the intention behind the pipes, the faucets, and the breaking glass: “Everything that's happened has been designed to get me into that attic room.”



John's Memories Overlaid on His Present Experience

In a stroke of irony—or, perhaps, what’s par for the course—the Historical Preservation Society tried to destroy or obfuscate records about the house prior to 1920, but John manages to find archives in a local library. He flips through microfiche reels, reading old newspapers, until he learns of a local girl, Cora, whose accidental death outside of the Carmichael mansion eerily mirrors Kathy's accidental death. John becomes convinced that Cora's ghost has latched onto him because of this similarity. The repeating appearance of Kathy's red ball ties into this, as the ghost moves the ball around and drops it down the stairs. John realizes that the ball is a fixation for the ghost, so he drives out to a bridge and throws the ball into the water, hoping to take the fixation away. When John arrives home, he finds the ball, still wet, falling down the stairs to greet him.

John seeks the help of his school's Psychic Research department, and he's put in touch with a genuine medium, who conducts a séance in the house. The medium carries out a spirit writing routine, and John makes an audio recording of their session. While in a trance-like state, the medium relates that the presence in the house is reaching out to John, its connection to him amplified through his grief. The presence is the spirit of a child that “is not at peace, who cannot rest,” and it wants John's help to fix that. We soon learn that the child was named Joseph and that the Cora case was a red herring.

Alone that evening, John listens to the tape of the session, only to hear Joseph's voice answering the questions that had previously been interpreted by the medium. Then, Joseph's memories are psychically projected into John's head. Joseph narrates as we see the hidden attic bedroom, this time without cobwebs. Joseph is bathing in the tub. We witness Joseph's father holding him by the ankles, keeping his head under the water of the deep old tub until he drowns. The music box is knocked open during the struggle, playing its now familiar tune, and Joseph slams his fists on the side of the tub fruitlessly, producing a noise similar to the banging noises that John experienced. The auditory messages—the banging pipes, the running water, the music—are revealed to be the sounds that Joseph heard as he died. Before the tape ends, we hear Joseph mention that he's in a well. It is revealed that, while having the psychic episode, John had been unknowingly spirit writing. All the information he needs to move forward has been scrawled out by his own unsteady hand.

The Film is Full of Broken Glass

The visions John experiences are shown to put enormous strain on him, both mentally and physically. He looks ill and struggles to stand, but he's able to dial Claire and ask for help before he collapses. Claire is able to resuscitate John. She listens to the tape and examines the paper. After a few more scenes of document digging, the rest of the plot is clarified: Joseph Carmichael was murdered by his father, Richard Carmichael, and replaced by a similar looking child who grew up to be Senator Carmichael. Joseph's grandfather was in control of the massive Spencer fortune, which was left exclusively to Joseph upon his mother and grandfather's passing, as Richard was not well-liked. Joseph was sickly and invalid, confined to a wheelchair, and unlikely to live a long life. If Joseph died before reaching the age of 21, the massive fortune would go to charity, and Richard would get nothing. Richard was willing to murder his own son to eliminate the risk of losing his wealth.

John gains access to the well, exhumes Joseph's body, and acquires a birth medal that proves Joseph's identity. The Senator, by now, is well aware of John's investigations. John confronts him directly, rushing the Senator as he tries to board his private jet, shouting at him about the things that were uncovered. This causes the Senator to dispatch Captain Dewitt, a crooked cop (excuse the pleonasm), to harass John at the manor. Dewitt threatens to use the Senator's influence to have John placed into a mental institution, with the excuse that his grief was driving him mad, similar to the “mentally deranged” libel levied at Avenel in *Forces Occultes*. Concomitantly to this visit, the Senator has John's lease canceled and forces Claire's resignation from the Historical Preservation Society. The Senator communicates his intent to have the police seize all of John's evidence. John realizes that there's not much he can do to fight this as Dewitt leaves to obtain a rubber-stamped warrant.

The ghost of Joseph, however, induces Captain Dewitt to have a fatal car accident as he's leaving the property, buying John time and punishing Dewitt for being so like all the boys in blue. Learning about this accident, the Senator believes that John is responsible, thinking him to be a blackmailer. The idea that John was just trying to do the right thing seems out of the question to Senator Carmichael, and this echoes back to what we see at the start of *Forces Occultes*, when Dubois presumes that Avenel is just another corrupt Mason that is acting out of hand.

John surrenders the evidence to the Senator, meeting him at his personal office for the hand-off. The Senator tries to cut John a check to make him go away, but he refuses to take any money. He leaves the real Joseph's birth medal on the desk and returns to the manor to pack up his things. When he arrives, the building begins to violently shake before bursting into flames. With the medal in close proximity to the Senator, Joseph's ghost is able to induce psychic visions within him, similar to what John experienced. The Senator is projected into the house as the fire kicks up. He is forced to walk up the stairs, into the attic, and into the room where the real Joseph was killed. There, he sees the vision that John saw, and he experiences Joseph's death by drowning.

As the Senator stares at a desktop portrait of Richard Carmichael, the simulated experience of Joseph's murder by Richard's hands is too intense to bear. The Senator has a fatal heart attack as the mansion burns to the ground, with John and Claire escaping the scene in their car.

The film portrays the long-term consequences of evil, on a personal and societal level. Joseph is robbed of his life, an act that places a massive fortune into the hands of a changeling—the replacement child that grew into the Senator. These resources enable the Senator to form a decades-long empire of political corruption. It is left ambiguous as to whether the Senator knew about the murder, but he's said to have been six at the time of the swap, and he seems to have taken preventative measures to stop the murder from being exposed. So, we can assume that he knew something was wrong. He was content to live into old age under a stolen identity, amassing ill-gotten wealth and power while crushing anyone who got in his way. As he explains to John when accusing him of blackmail, this is not the first time he's dealt with an ugly situation—no doubt the Senator was already using the cops as his own personal goon squad long before John came into the picture.

For John, this is also a personal nightmare. Senator Carmichael's family once owned John's rental house, he still controls it via the Historical Preservation Society, he has strong influence over the local government, he funds the concert hall from which the orchestra performs John's music, and he uses the police as his own personal enforcers. The Senator could cause John a variety of personal, professional, legal, and financial problems, which we see when he dispatches Dewitt to intimidate John. John is loosely a part of the same system as the Senator, insofar as they live in the same city, they're involved in the same affluent cultural circles, they're both famous and influential, and so on, but the Senator is higher up the food chain. This handicaps John's ability to act against the Senator and so he handles the situation realistically, by avoiding the guaranteed destruction of a drawn out, public fight. He instead hands the evidence over to the Senator. In doing so, John neutralizes the threat posed by Carmichael and his cronies. Unbeknownst to John, this move also allows the deceased Joseph to have a psychic proxy point (the medallion from the well). By forcing the Senator to confront the truth, John helps to kill him, and it is a well-deserved death. The Senator was a corrupt bastard who thrived upon blood money, so he always had it coming.

The confrontation in the Senator's office has parallels with the confrontation in Larivière's office, and the Senator is shown to order his pawns around via the phone throughout the entire film, much as Larivière does. *The Changeling*, however, does more than *Forces Occultes* to develop symbolism around its phone-wielding villain, and scenes involving the Senator have consistent themes. The Senator is associated with travel—he is usually shown boarding or leaving his jet, entering or exiting cars, or standing near models of industrial ships, which he has in both his professional and home offices. This fits with his origin. After he was adopted in the USA, he immediately traveled to Europe with Richard Carmichael to live in isolation until he was old enough to pass as a cured Joseph. He emerged from Europe at the end of World War I and took over an American dynasty. In his home office there is a turbulent seascape painting. There is also a painting of a beached ship, which sits behind the Senator as his heart stops at the close of the film. Perhaps these ships are emblematic of the Senator himself—vessels of an outsider, full of pilfered resources, doomed to turbulence and a fatal, irrecoverable beaching.

Water is not solely in these sailing visuals: Joseph drowned and his ghost utilizes water as a tool; it is usually raining; Joseph's corpse is thrown in a well; John's wife and child die surrounded by snow and slush. Water is ever present. Similarly, the through line of John's life is music, and at the start of the film we are taken from one moment to another, drawn along by John's memory of, and return to, his compositional work. These compositions are being played in-scene by the characters, allowing seamless transitions to other scenes where those same compositions are being played. This mirrors the nature of music and memory in our real lives, where hearing a song can transport you back to another time, if only for a moment, as intense sensory recollections flood your head, triggered by the repeating of an old melody.

The Changeling has a strong political undertone, but it uses a fictional politician and requires no historical context. Universal themes of grief, justice, revenge, corruption, and the dangers posed by the past give *The Changeling* a much stronger staying power than *Forces Occultes*. While Mamy used framing, Medak and *Changeling* cinematographer John Coquillon present us with stellar framing and compositions: characters are constantly standing in archways, being presented from a perspective that blocks them in, or standing at the end of a dark hallway, back-lit, so as to draw the eye down the frame to the subject. The consistency, variety, and strong execution of these framings are at the same time 1) restrained enough not to overwhelm the film and 2) done with enough skill as to avoid being boring or gimmicky.

Insert this side into recorder
Do not touch the tape inside
Hi-Fi
synthesis

Forces Occultes, a film so rooted in the past that it may as well be a documentary, loses significance to those without the necessary context. This documentary aspect interfered with the universal nature of the film, and the artistic expression of the film's producers, but it is still of value. *The Changeling* is also alleged to be based on real events, albeit much more loosely. It is a celebration of European art and culture, rooted in our traditions and values, but you don't need to know anything about that to enjoy the film. While *Forces Occultes* is tragic, *The Changeling* gives us a more intimate portrayal of grief, trading out a loss of national sovereignty with a loss of one's immediate family. Both films leave viewers with a better understanding of how the politically-corrupt operate, but the information presented by *The Changeling* has been generalized so that one could apply it more broadly to any situation.

Forces Occultes is a direct adaptation of real historical events, and *The Changeling* is an adaptation of the writer's personal experiences. Their incorporation of real events goes from literal (*Forces Occultes*) to dramatization (*The Changeling*). Different approaches to the same problem, perhaps, and both approaches might be used to great effect in the right hands. Do not mistake the pseudo-documentary style to be untenable for horror—it was not uncommon for early horror films to make use of such. See *Häxan* (1922) for proof that this works just fine. If *Forces Occultes* had a longer runtime and a stronger artistic vision, it may have been capable of standing alongside *Häxan*.

Both films are, of course, political, but where *Forces Occultes* is more in-your-face, *The Changeling* demonstrates actual mechanisms of political corruption, while also making use of esoteric metaphors and visual associations rather than spelling it all out for the audience.

The aesthetic continuum of these films may be mapped in a similar manner. As an early 1940s horror film, *Forces Occultes* uses simpler camera work than *The Changeling*, but it makes heavier use of shadows. Shadows are placed upon characters' faces to show their emotional states and cast across walls as caricatures, with the intent of creating a strong, dark, moody atmosphere. *The Changeling* makes more selective use of shadow, with mostly realistic lighting. Though both feature repeating visual motifs and themes, they are weaker in *Forces Occultes* (chessboards, skulls, Masonic compasses, Remphan stars—each used sparingly).

Both protagonists are driven by honorable motives. Avenel and John are aggressive, intelligent, disciplined, upstanding White people. The primary concern of these characters is not their own well-being, but the well-being of others. John investigates a murder case, while Avenel is, in some sense, investigating political corruption. They are both shown to be workaholics and smokers, which might go hand-in-hand with the tough investigator archetype.

These films feature a protagonist going up against unwinnable odds. Avenel has no hope of beating Freemasonry on his own, and John is forced to hand over his evidence to the Senator. *Forces Occultes* has a true downer of an ending, with the protagonist's body and spirit broken. *The Changeling* has a classic happy ending, with John and Claire escaping with one another.

There is not a single right way to produce a horror film, and horror is not the only worthwhile genre, but through these films we can see the pros and cons of different techniques, styles, and intents. These films demonstrate that a horror film should have a strong protagonist who is willing to risk their safety for others. We can see the power of grief, as well as the connection between grief and fear. We can also see what these films do not have: needless sexual indulgence when it serves no purpose, ultraviolence for the sake of upsetting the viewer, social conditioning aimed at subverting normalcy. These things are absent because the filmmakers didn't hate their audience.

CONTACT AND SUBMISSIONS

FREN-Z accepts submissions! We'll consider any form of media. Written pieces and visuals, if selected, will be used in *FREN-Z*. Writing, visuals, videos, music, and all other forms of submission may be utilized through our digital channels as we branch out into more content, and may be subsequently highlighted in *FREN-Z*.

Contributors may submit anonymously, pseudonymously, or under their real names. Please do not submit copyrighted material that you have not made yourself, or that is otherwise not utilizable under the banner(s) of fair and/or transformative use. Raw information/sources that you want us to have can be submitted with the preface [TIP].

Submissions can be made:

By emailing FREN-Z-MAG@Proton.me with your submission. Please preface the subject of the email with [SUBMISSION]. We'd prefer not to deal with attachments when possible, so external hosting of files is appreciated.

FREN-Z does not publish materials that it finds to be objectionable. We reserve the right to reject your submissions, with or without notice, for any reason. We have no obligation to publish your materials. We do not claim ownership of your submitted works and you retain your intellectual property, but submission of a work is tantamount to giving us permission to publish it in our magazine and online. If physical print runs are released, your submissions will be included. There is no payment for submissions at this time, and there is no compensation otherwise. Submissions may be used on shirts, posters, etc., as well as in animations, and they may be altered significantly. Don't submit if you're uncomfortable with us using your work indefinitely, however we want.

WANT TO FOLLOW US OR GET IN TOUCH?

EMAIL: FREN-Z-MAG@PROTON.ME

TWITTER: @FRENZMagazine | **POA.ST (FEDIVERSE):** @FRENZMagazine

ARCHIVE.ORG: @frenzmagazine | **SUBSTACK:** frenzmagazine.substack.com

OFFICIAL MERCH:

VIRALSTYLE.COM/STORE/FREN-Z/FREN-Z-MAG

MERCH IS THE EASIEST WAY TO SUPPORT US. DONATIONS ARE ALSO APPRECIATED.

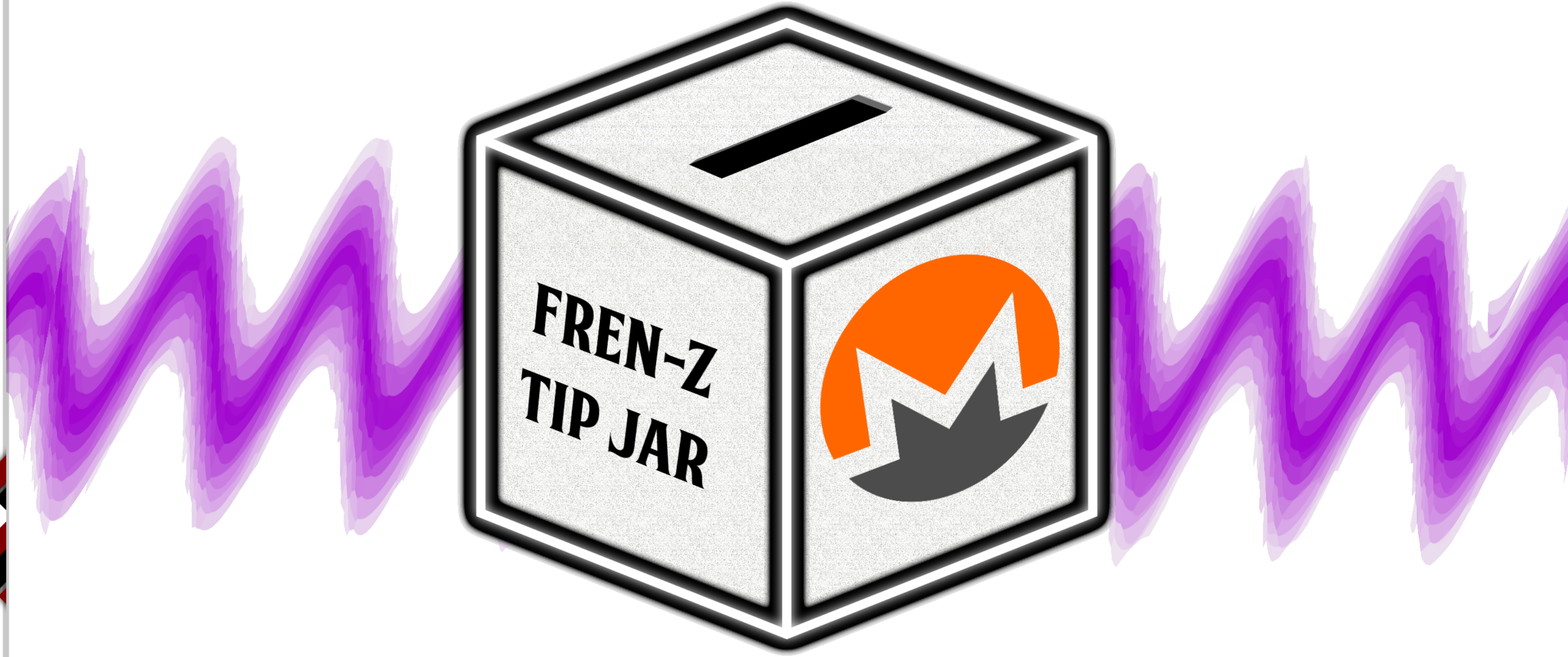
FREN-Z is reader supported. We release each issue for free. By donating, you help us create a higher quality magazine. Your contribution can extend our reach and allow us to pay our staff/contributors in the future.

Together, we can defeat Globohomo.

MONERO (XMR):
486Wjo1HtsmCNVXW9g7CBMZkVsTRynmoRXwykpnaAfta1UB3QXpSwFUhXciJoDcnkZKw2YMvi7GPyTgmnSxgRuYDLcDQk8C

BITCOIN (BTC):
bc1qh0nzvz9z5y8z3h5sahj98prttythe6rjclshfj

ETHEREUM (ETH) & ERC-20 (BNB, AVAX, ETC.):
0xd99dCd3af8a2EE36EDF6F6B76dE77E5c44f3a830

MONERO **BTC** **ETH / ERC-20**